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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM!

"Worth Your Money"
by
ROGER W. BABSON

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JAN. 28, 1928

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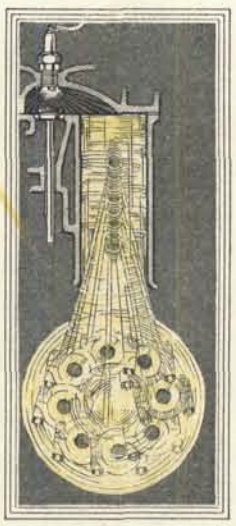

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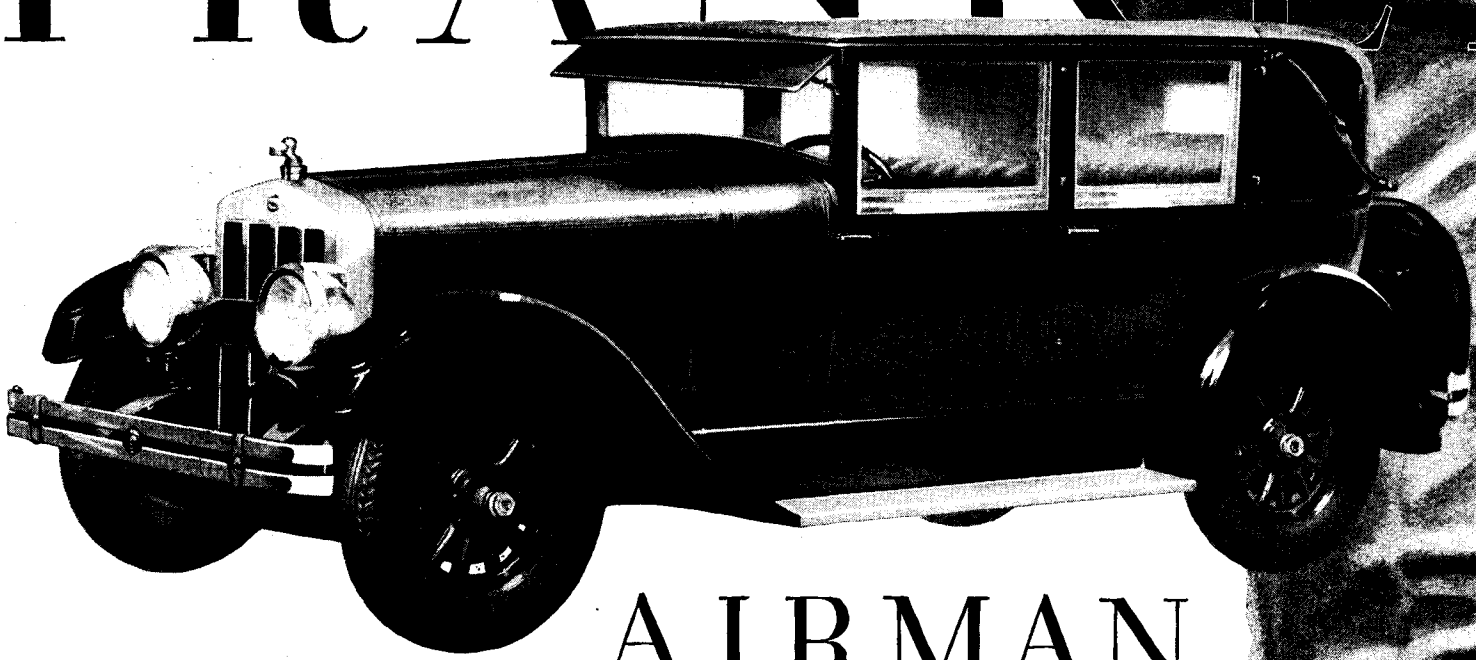

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The Guest at Spaniard's Pass

Three times Matt had been warned by old Chuck but the fourth time the warning wasn't needed

By ALMA *and* PAUL ELLERBE

She made the whole furious swoop over again

Illustrated by HAROLD BRETT

MOLLY BLAINE, walking through the gloom of the long snow shed that covered the railroad track at Spaniard's Pass, heard three sounds that belonged there and one that didn't. She heard the wild, high shriek the rocks at the top of the pass ripped out of the wind, the distant yelping of coyotes and the scream of an eagle, and paid no heed at all. And then she heard the whinny of a horse and stopped short, her heart pounding in her breast, and bent her head, listening.

"Maybe I was mistaken," she thought.

But it came again, wind-blown from far off, but clear, and she stepped out swiftly toward the low, brown building midway the length of the snow shed, where she lived and did her work, when there was any. She was the station agent at Spaniard's Pass.

She was also, as it happened, sole inhabitant. And she hadn't a neighbor in twenty miles.

Since the price of silver fell, few things had cleared through that wind-grieved ice-riven gash in the world's comb except the semi-weekly trains of the railroad which employed her, and the next big snow would stop those. The sparse mining and farming life that clung, lichenlike, to the gaunt slopes of the Divide, when it wanted anything, went down, not up, even when the weather was good. With winter poised just beyond the granite head of Old Squaw Mountain, Molly had no reason to expect a passer-by on the wagon road till spring. She took the ties two to a step.

Inside her little office she locked the doors and windows and got a revolver out of a drawer and thrust it into the inside pocket of her sheepskin jacket.

She was fed up on guns and people who used them. She wanted to go away off somewhere where nobody owned one, and fear didn't lie over the place like a fog, and marry Ralph Holt and have a baby and bring it up in the ways of peace and quietness.

There was neither quietness nor peace in Sutton Springs, the next station down on the railroad—but still some ten thousand feet above the sea—where she and Ralph both lived. "Hell-on-High" the rest of the state called it, and let it pretty much alone. She wanted to go down away from it and stay there.

Ralph had left his office in the Sutton Springs National Bank Building and his little house on Tungsten Street and gone already to Buena Monte, the county seat, fifty miles away, to run for county attorney.

"There's no law here to practice," he said as he left. "And there's not going to be until somebody defeats Tully Madison. As long as he's county attorney he'll let Matt Farr go on picking juries that will free the prisoner when Matt sits in the court-room and blows his nose and convict him when Matt smooths his hair. It's always been bad enough, but now—well, the decent-minded ones of us have either got to bring some law in or get out ourselves, and I like it here."

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"So do I," said Molly, with a sinking heart, "—when it's habitable. And, being that kind of a girl, took the sinecure at Spaniard's Pass, to earn a little money, to study law herself so that she could help Ralph, and to get away from Matthew Farr.

Through the little barred ticket window that gave upon the waiting-room she saw the outer door open and a man come in.

"Matt Farr!" she said. "Gee, but I'm glad it's only you!"

But she wasn't. She would rather it had been anybody else on earth.

She unlocked the office door and held out her hand. "Come in, and I'll get you some lunch before you start down again. Where are you headed?"

They shook hands, and Farr laid his hat on the table beside the telegraph key and smiled all the cruel little lines away from the corners of his mouth. You could have liked him when he smiled, and he was always doing it. Between smiles he had killed three men that Molly knew about and planned the death of nobody knew how many more.

"I'm headed *here*," he said, seating himself in a chair. "There's no use beating around the bush, Molly: I've come to marry you."

Molly laughed a laugh without a tremor in it, while cold fear uncurled inside of her like a lazy snake.

"Just like that?" she said.

Farr nodded slowly, deepening his smile. "Just like that. I've asked you

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three times and got a no. And now I've ridden thirty miles in the face of a wind that would give a walrus the pneumonia, to get a yes. Say it, Molly! I'll be good to you. I—I'm dead gone on you, girl!"

Molly came over and stood in front of him and looked down steadily into his large brown, rather luscious eyes. There was something gentle in them, as there often is in the eyes of a genuine killer. And a kind of charm lay over the man that was as definite as the color of his hair. Nobody knew how many women had fallen for Matt, but there had been a lot of them. He had never bothered to marry one before. Molly realized that it was a great honor. But the strongest feeling she had was that blend of fear and loathing that waved back and forth inside of her and made her a little sick.

"Listen, Matt. I'm not going to marry you, now or ever, because I don't care about you. I told you that before, and you knew I meant it. You knew I wasn't going to change, and you oughtn't to have come up here like this. Now I'll fix you some lunch, and then you'll have to go down again."

Matt motioned with his head backward and sidewise. "Noticed the weather?" And Molly saw through the window that the snow had begun.

It was an important snow; they both knew that. Coming as it did on top of several others, if it held on long enough it was going to say the final word for nobody knew how many days to traffic on both rail and wagon road. But—

"You know as well as I do," Molly said, "that you've got a good two hours before the road gets bad. By that time" — he tried to catch her glance with his own and bend it, but his hot, insistent gaze slipped off her cool regard — "by that time you're going to be halfway down."

Matt Farr settled himself back in his chair and took a pipe from his pocket. He was reaching for a match when Molly struck one for him. "Thanks," he said.

She held the little flag of flame in a hand as steady as the lamp bracket on the wall. He noticed that and liked it and smiled. He pulled until the smoke came to suit him.

"I'm not going at all," he said slowly. "D'you see, Molly?"

There was a long moment's pause, while the wind, that never stopped up there, screamed like a great beast in pain, and the little hard sharp flakes scratched busily at the sides of the house, filling the tracks below the shed, filling the wagon road, filling the pass.

FARR took his pipe out of his mouth. "Reverend Green's at the other end of the telephone there, with the license and witnesses who know our voices, and everything. It'll be perfectly regular." He looked around him contentedly. "And this is a real nice place to spend our honeymoon. We'll get to know each other." His voice grew earnest and a little plaintive. "You never have really known me," he concluded wistfully.

"You'd get a wife like *that?*" she said, feeling the precious moments slipping through her fingers. "You'd be willing to start out by making her hate you?"

"I never got anything in my life," he said slowly, "except the things I took. Nobody's ever given me anything. And now"—a tinge of somberness came into his face—"nobody ever will. Unless it's a grave. Some of the boys have promised me a grave free. Why shouldn't I take you for my wife, since I want you? You wouldn't hate me long. You couldn't. I'd be too good to you. You—you don't know anything about my *good* points, you know."

"Yes, I do," she said, cool and quiet, with her heart bobbing about somewhere just behind her teeth, wondering where she'd shoot him if she had to. "There's something about you that I like. There's a man buried down in you that a woman like me could have married if— Well, never mind. I'm sorry for that man. He's never had his chance."

SHE came over and laid her hand gently on his shoulder. "And *he's* going to take you on down the road and leave me here alone."

Farr stared up at her with rip tides of feeling playing against each other in his eyes; but the issue was never in doubt. "He *might* have—*once*," he said. "But not now." He shook his head slowly. "No, not now. Now I'm going to have you. Of course the marrying part's not important. You can take Reverend Green"—with a wave of the hand toward the telephone—"or"—with a shrug—"you can leave him. Either way, we—we'll have the honeymoon. Think it over. And while you're thinking, give me that gun you've got. It will be safer for both of us." He held out his hand.

She gave him the gun bullet-first. It seemed to be her feelings that exploded into the roar that filled the little room. She was used to guns, and she drew like lightning and fired in the draw.

But the bullet struck the stovepipe and ricocheted into a framed picture of the president of the railroad, bringing down a shower of glass, and the revolver went spinning off along the floor. She never knew how he struck it from her hand.

"If I hadn't been quicker than that," he said, "I'd have been dead in my teens," and picked up the gun.

Swinging it from his finger by the trigger guard, he sat down leisurely in his chair again, and every swing the revolver made seemed to tighten something about Molly's heart, until she could scarcely breathe.

HE REGARDED her with his head acock. "Are you glad or sorry you didn't kill me?" he said curiously. "Where'd you be now if you had—snowed in up here with a dead man? Ain't I better as I am, on the hoof—honestly, now—than a hundred-and-eighty-pound corpse piled up over there in the corner? I'm not going to *hurt* you, you know."

But Molly had no more words for him. A certain relationship had existed, in spite of the thick of the world between them, but now it was gone. In her corduroy trousers, elkhide boots and sheepskin jacket, open over a flaming orange-colored flannel shirt, her bobbed brown hair set crisp and soft about her face and, crowned with the brown fur cap she had put on to go outside, she stood drawn back upon herself against the wall, straight and tall and fair, with a springing quality in her like a blade of wheat and a baffling, dangerous glitter in her eyes, and looked at him as if he had been a snowslide, or a cloudburst, or a locoed steer.

"I know what you're thinking," he said when she didn't answer him. "You're afraid to say it, because you think it will make me mad. But it won't. Nothing makes me mad. I never shot in anger in my life. That's why I've got this county"—he put his thumb there and smiled—"in my vest pocket. You're thinking you could have rolled me down the mountainside to the coyotes and forgotten it. But you couldn't, my girl. You're a spunky piece and the best looker that ever came over the Divide, but there's only a few of us have got the guts for that sort of thing. It's no wonder we rule the others! After you get used to the idea"—slowly and with a twinkle in his eye—"you'll find that it's not half bad, in this particular neck of the woods, being Mrs. Matthew Farr."

Molly shuddered uncontrollably. There seemed no reason not to say it. "I'd rather be burned alive!" she said.

But Farr only smiled again. "That's because you don't know me yet."

He got up and slipped the revolver into the pocket of his coat.

"A woman never knows a man until he's kissed her."

He came forward, holding out his arms. "I'm going to kiss you now; and then—"

"Wait! I—I'm feeling a little faint from lack of food and—and excitement. Will you let me fix lunch first?"

Her bosom heaved and fell on the storm inside; that hard, brilliant glitter played over her eyes, that were as clear as dew, and the color flamed in her face.

Matt lowered his arms. "By gad," he said, "you're beautiful! I'll let you do anything you like if you'll only love me a little."

"At any rate, I—I'll feed you," she said and went through the back door of the office into the kitchen and struck a match.

Matt Farr turned up the wick of the oil stove for her and sliced the bacon.

He looked keenly about the room—a lean-to affair, thrust out on struts over the mountainside—and seemed satisfied. The only door led back into the office. The only window overlooked a snow-covered declivity that might have appalled a bighorn.

"Take your time," he said. "There's lots of it," and went into the other room.

He took a flask from his pocket and sat down and drank, leisurely and deep.

The pleasant smells of bacon and coffee and corn bread came in; the burning piñon logs made a purring in the heating stove; the wind screamed high over and apart from it all, and he could hear his horse in the winter-tight shed outside. He tipped his chair to its hind legs and smiled a little secret smile and lay back luxuriously in his thoughts.

Molly's footsteps sounded on the kitchen floor . . . the scrape of a spoon . . . the thump of plates . . . the clink of cup on saucer.

He stretched his arms out slowly to their full extent and his legs in front of him, half closed his eyes and clenched his fists and flexed the muscles of his great body deliciously.

He opened his mouth to yawn, when a breath of coldness stealing across the room brought the chair down with a crash and sent him with one spring into the doorway.

The coffee chuckled in the pot and the bacon sizzled in the skillet, but the window stood wide to the swirling snow, and somewhere, very far down and just vanishing, Molly Blaine was a bobbing dot.

Matt Farr had seen a keg of spikes go down there once, dropped by a couple of careless section hands.

"Good God!" (*Continued on page 44*)

It seemed to be her feelings that exploded in the little room

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These Softer Days

By GRANTLAND RICE

Jim Corbett tells how he slaved to become a great boxer. How many of our sports leaders today really work hard?

© Keystone

Ann Pennington puts over a snappy right on the champ of '97

NEARLY thirty-six years have passed since James J. Corbett won the heavyweight championship from John L. Sullivan at New Orleans.

Yet Corbett, beyond sixty, looking less than fifty, still an athlete, would be more than a match for most of the boxers today—for one round at least.

The answer is that Corbett learned the fundamentals of his game, made them instinctive, and so started with the correct foundation. Which is something few of the modern boxers have ever thought about.

"I can look back about forty years," remarked Corbett recently, "when I first began to learn what real boxing was. My instructor made me put a mattress up against the wall, and for fifteen or twenty minutes each day I had to walk up to that mattress as if it were some opponent, lead with my left, and then jump back in a position of perfect balance where I could hit, side-step or make any move that was necessary.

"That taught me what balance meant, and I can tell you it means a lot. How many boxers today know its value? Almost none. I've watched most of them, and when they jab or hook or swing or miss they are rarely set and ready for the next move.

"I kept this up until every move was instinctive, the natural thing to do, and until a fundamental becomes instinctive it isn't worth anything in a pinch.

"I forgot my lesson only once, and that was in the Sharkey fight. I saw Tom start a wild right and instead of stepping back I merely tilted my head away. But I didn't tilt far enough, and he caught me on the point of the chin.

James J. Corbett as champion

I hit the floor, sprained my ankle, and while I got by until the fight was stopped in the ninth, it wasn't any fun.

"In the old days I had the leather string attached to the punching bag lengthened. The short-rope bag is good for nothing. The longer range gave me a chance to hit hard, with both hands, and it also developed my speed and accuracy. It's much more of a trick to hit a bag with a longer rope, and I used to work at this for an hour at a time. It was a long, hard siege—but no one can learn to box in a hurry.

"The main thing in boxing is a good left hand, a good straight left. Gene Tunney is about the only leading heavyweight who has one. A fighter or a boxer with a good straight left can beat a slugger any time he starts. Any time! Even as fine a fighter as Jack Dempsey has found that out. Tunney didn't acquire his left in a day."

Corbett is right. I recall Tunney at Miami several years ago working with that straight left day after day on the light and heavy bag under the direction of Walter Monahan. And anyone who thinks his left hasn't a kick might ask Dempsey, Risko or Gibbons.

Tunney, who was never the natural athlete that Corbett and Dempsey were, worked on this straight left for more than two years.

Few boxers today know what a good straight left means or what it is. They haven't been willing to give the time required. Corbett was at his best thirty-six years ago. And no boxer has come along since who can equal him.

Dempsey finished the Chicago fight with two bad cuts over the left eye. Those cuts came from straight lefts that were shot out not only with keen accuracy but also with enough force to cut and rock—and Dempsey can take more than any heavyweight in the business.

Tunney was wise enough to talk things over with Corbett and other old-timers, find out what one of the main fundamentals was, and then work on it until he had it pat. When Dempsey stormed at him in the eighth round at Chicago he gave Jack a straight left that left a diamond-shaped cut over his right eye and started him toward a downhill finish. There was about three years of work and study back of the smack.

Too Much Fun

THERE are now a thousand playing football to a hundred over twenty years ago. But how many all-round kickers did the last campaign turn out who were equal to Herschberger and Eckersall of Chicago, Sweeley of Michigan, O'Dea of Wisconsin or Brooke of Pennsylvania?

Caldwell of Yale and Scull of Pennsylvania came fairly close to the mark. But the average punter of today doesn't come up to the old standards in a kicking way.

Any number of first-class teams had no great kickers to speak about. The answer is that Herschberger, Eckersall, O'Dea, Brooke, Sweeley and others first learned the correct fundamentals of kicking and then worked on them through long periods of practice and training. They kept on kicking a football until they had it lopsided, until every move became instinctive.

Pat O'Dea hit the cross-bar once 65 yards away, and that isn't a bad thump with the toe. Sweeley sent 60-yard spirals into the air that came to you and then broke suddenly away with a twist and a whirl, much as Sam Felton of Harvard did some years later on.

With all the interest and excitement on hand there were few great kickers in football last season because few had ever taken the trouble to learn the art of kicking and practice it at every chance.

Possibly there are too many other forms of recreation and fun; possibly too the intensity of modern football demands a longer recess.

Sitton and Maxwell of Clemson worked on the lateral pass for an hour a day through several months around 1903, and they helped to beat Georgia Tech. something like 70 to 0 with an astonishing exhibition of this play which few teams had time to use in 1927.

The Great Fighting Five

COLLEGE courses are harder today than they once were. There is more classroom work to handle. There is more amusement on the side. And there are many more sports that attract. So the modern athlete is loath to devote the needed time that many of the old stars gave to football.

I recall the case of Leach of the University of Tennessee. He was just a fair halfback one fall. The following spring he told me he was taking five footballs to a mountain camp where he intended to practice kicking and quick starting all summer. Next fall he was one of the year's star backs, the best all-round kicker in the South. But he had paid for it with a summer's vacation.

Some like the game, but not the drudgery.

Jim Corbett admits that he was deeply interested in the science of boxing and that most of his training was not drudgery but a form of entertainment.

The same thing applies to baseball. Christy Mathewson soon discovered that the main foundation of good pitching was control. He worked through a long stretch of time putting a baseball where he wanted to put it. He worked on the theory that an inch is important.

In 1911 world series with the Athletics he was leading 1 to 0 with Home Run Baker at the bat, two out and the count at 2 and 2, 2 balls and 2 strikes. On the next pitch he cut the outside corner just above the knees. Matty was certain he cut the corner by an inch. The umpire called it a ball.

The next pitch was several inches closer in than he had intended it to be, and Baker hit it over the fence. But Matty always believed he had Baker out, the side retired and the game won by the margin of an inch.

Few of them work as hard today on fundamentals as many of the old-timers worked.

Today there is a fat fortune waiting for any pugilistic champion. But how many boxers are there now who could match the skill of Jim Corbett, Peter Jackson, Joe Gans, Young Griffo, Abe Attell, or several others from the old days when fundamentals were taught early and made the basis of boxing skill?

Tunney is one of the few. No building amounts to much if the foundation is spotty and full of flaws.

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Worth your Money

A plain map

"WHEN my boy gets out in the world," a doctor remarked to me the other day, "I want him to make some money. I hope he will go into business."

Many parents, as well as their boys and girls, have this same queer idea that the sure-fire way to make money is to go into business. Everybody who cherishes this notion ought to spend a few minutes glancing over a book of real stories published every year by Secretary Mellon's Treasury Department and entitled Statistics of Income. Let me read you some brief items culled from this record of the latest tax returns. You will see that business is far from a sure thing and that the national advertisers are the ones who are making the money.

Look at all the business concerns in the country and you find that about EVERY OTHER ONE is losing money. To be exact, the number of corporations showing deficits during the past few years has ranged from 40 to 50 per cent of the total reporting.

The combined loss has ranged from two to four billion dollars a year. And yet people are always asking me to help their children get into business so they can be sure to make lots of money. Statistics plainly show that anyone who goes into business in a happy-go-lucky way stands almost a fifty-fifty chance of losing. Do you call that a sure thing? I call it a doubtful gamble.

However, let us dip further into Mr. Mellon's little book. After the big fellows there is a separate story for the small concerns. At the bottom of the heap are 100,000 small concerns showing an average profit of only $95 a year apiece.

On top of the heap are 200 of the giant corporations, averaging an annual profit of $15,000,000 apiece.

In other words, there is plenty of money being made in business today, but it is being made by the big corporations. Some of the soundest investments today from a long-growth standpoint are to be found among the securities of the great national advertisers who have risen from humble beginnings to their present position of power and profit by the force of tireless publicity.

It isn't that these leaders advertise because they are big, but rather they are big because they advertise. Regarding individual men, it has been said that some are born great and others achieve greatness. Not so with a business. A PERMANENTLY SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS IS NEVER BORN GREAT, BUT MUST ACHIEVE GREATNESS—WITH NATIONAL ADVERTISING PLAYING AN ALMOST INDISPENSABLE RÔLE.

Famous corporations, such as the Eastman Kodak Company and the Gillette Safety Razor Company, began with a good idea and grew on the nourishing food of advertising. The young man with a small business, therefore, should not scold about the big national advertisers who are making the money. He should not feel gloomy and rebellious and turn to radical literature. Radical literature may salve the pain of failure, but it is no guidebook to success. I have yet to see a red pamphlet and a check book in the same pocket. No. The coming business man has nothing against the business men who have arrived. They too—practically all of them—were once in his shoes but soon outgrew them. For a small concern to complain that it lacks opportunity is no more logical than for a boy to cry because he isn't yet a man.

In the old days of the covered wagon this country was a land of pioneers, and it offered the profits of pioneering. In the history of the United States there have been fortunes made without the aid of advertising. But in our time such fortunes will be rare. When Mr. Ford brought out Model T, if I recall the situation correctly, he used few advertisements, but Model A has been launched on a tremendous wave of advertising. Times have changed—and they will continue to change still further with the trend toward advertising and still more advertising.

In the transportation field the railroads grew up without much advertising, though they are turning to publicity now.

Some excellent advertising is being done by roads such as the New York Central, the Pennsylvania, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul and others. But the automobile industry, coming at a later date, has been a remarkable advertiser.

In another field, the older telephone industry was slow to advertise, although in more recent years the American Telephone and Telegraph Company has used some exceptionally striking advertisements. The newer radio industry has been a national advertiser almost from the start. The powerful Radio Corporation of America and other sound companies are consistent advertisers. Even in finance, the present generation of bankers and bond houses are not too proud to advertise, and their profits are closely related to their publicity.

Advertisers Preferred

ONE of the most profound changes witnessed in recent years is the new attitude in judging credit. I well recall how the bankers of the passing generation used to sit around the table and turn thumbs down on loans to any business man who was suspected of advertising.

THE BANKERS OF THE COMING GENERATION WILL HESITATE TO LEND MONEY TO A BUSINESS MAN WHO IS NOT ADVERTISING, FOR THEY KNOW THAT HE IS PROBABLY DUE FOR A DEFICIT. LIKEWISE, INVESTORS WILL LOOK MORE AND MORE KEENLY INTO THE ADVERTISING POLICIES OF CORPORATIONS WHOSE BONDS AND STOCKS ARE OFFERED FOR SALE.

Before you buy a security issued by any corporation, study not only its assets but its advertising. Other things being comparable, I prefer the bonds and stocks of the big national advertisers. This goes today and will be even more vital in the years ahead.

After all, the deeper question is not whether advertising benefits the advertiser, but whether it benefits the public, for unless advertising benefits the public, it cannot long continue to benefit the advertiser. This is both good ethics and sound economics.

My own view is that the advertising of the big national advertisers is in the public service. I have been entertained by the idea, recently given currency, that some of the ingredients or materials in certain advertised products might be bought more cheaply in the open market.

In this connection did you ever stop to figure the price of the ingredients and materials that compose the human body? If analyzed and bought piecemeal in a drug store or fertilizer factory, you and I would come to something less than a dollar apiece. Meditate on that. But as an assembled unit and a going proposition there is no limit to a man's value.

The Pilgrim Fathers knew it was root hog or die

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of the road to prosperity

By ROGER W. BABSON

IN THIS brilliant article Roger W. Babson pictures the vital part which national publicity plays in making America the most prosperous of nations. Babson is one of the major prophets of commerce. His success as business diagnostician built Babson Park, a flourishing suburb of Boston. In this article he shows how we have lifted ourselves by our own bootstraps and made the desire for a higher standard of living one of the great driving forces of American life.

The same holds for a nationally advertised product. Among the ingredients of a nationally advertised product are convenience, service and style; among its most important materials are purity, uniformity and reliability.

In other words, most of us choose—and intelligently so—to demand the intangible as well as the tangible in what we buy. Cave men gnawed their rump steaks as they found them, but gentlemen prefer a little service. Advertising's job is a worth-while job if you consider our civilization a worth-while civilization.

Advertising is a cost, yes. But what price health and happiness? What price convenience and cleanliness? What price comfort and service? What price uniformity and dependability?

6,000 New Customers Every Day

THE national advertisers are not only making the money, but they are earning it. They are earning it in various ways, one of which is this: The human race is lazy, just plain, plumb lazy. Why do the inhabitants of temperate climates outstrip in progress and worth-while accomplishments the natives of the tropics? Because cold and hunger are golden spurs. Because of the two evils man chooses to root hog rather than die. The Pilgrim Fathers knew that if they didn't keep almighty busy during the summer, they would never get through the next winter. The reason the United States was developed so rapidly was that it was 14 degrees below zero in the New England states and the Indians were good shots in all states.

Up to the last half of a century the thing which kept our civilization on an upward spiral was a kick in the pants and a sock in the jaw. Man is chemically so constituted that he won't hustle unless he is starved, tomahawked, clawed, shot at, snowed on, drowned out, growled at, and generally roughed by his environment. All this up to fifty years ago.

THEN CAME THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY. FEAR, WHICH STARTED THIS COUNTRY GOING, AS THE GREAT MOTIVE POWER, HAS BEEN REPLACED BY DESIRE. In arousing men's desires, advertising has kept the economic machinery in motion. It has taken the place, as an impetus to activity, of the crude drive and urge that lashed the early settlers.

Man must have a motive or he will inevitably lie down and take things easy. There are only two motives compelling enough to stir him to big things: fear and desire. Nature originally provided the first motive, and she wrote the first chapter of our history in letters of frost and blood. Advertising took up the load and with an equally brilliant but less cruel pen it is writing the pages of a wonderful chapter to be continued long after you and I are gone. National advertisers are making the money, and they are earning it, for national advertising has become one of the great sources of the nation's greatness.

You might think that certain industries need not advertise. The movies, for example, are constantly in the public eye. The radio industry already has your ear, and the telephone industry is on every tongue. Nevertheless these industries have the wisdom and vision to advertise persistently.

Persistence is the very heartbeat of successful advertising. Statistics show the astounding turnover of customers. Advertisers realize that new customers are now coming into the market at the rate of about 6,000 a day. A message may be an old story to you, but every twenty-four hours there is a fresh group of 6,000 people who never even heard of you before. This is one reason why advertising should be continuous. Another reason is that an advertising message is like a nail; you cannot drive it home at the first stroke but must hammer it home with a succession of strokes.

The chief thing I have learned during thirty years of working with people and statistics is that the world is not ruled by figures but by feelings. THE BIGGEST JOB DURING THE YEARS AHEAD WILL BE TO HARNESS FOR USEFUL SERVICE THE FORCES OF HUMAN NATURE, JUST AS DURING THE PRESENT CENTURY WE HAVE BEEN LEARNING TO HARNESS THE FORCES OF INANIMATE NATURE.

Desire, aroused by advertising, has replaced fear as our motive force

One of the most pervading emotions is the love of gossip. National advertising can put to work this perpetual love of gossip. Instead of whispering about the sins of their neighbors, people can be led to talk over more wholesome and constructive subjects.

Bigger Companies, Smaller Costs

THEIR minds can be turned to the wonders of a winter in Texas; their tongues can be set wagging on the dangers of buying wildcat stocks. Let them gossip about the style and service of the new fabrics and the new enamel finishes.

In short, just as it was once remarked, "If a man were permitted to make the ballads of a nation, he need not care who should make the laws," so we may now say, "Let us write a nation's advertisements and its laws will write themselves."

Our country has shot ahead so rapidly during the last half century, transportation and communication have made such colossal strides, that few of us appreciate what this development means to business, until we take out our pencils and do some figuring. While geographic mileage and geographic area have of course remained unchanged, economic mileage and economic area have remarkably lessened. The North is at least 350 miles nearer to the South. The East is at least 500 miles nearer to the West. The area of the country (from a transportation-communication point of view) has shrunk from 3,026,000 million square miles to 2,850,000 million square miles.

Meanwhile the population, the number of potential customers, has enormously increased. This means that many business men who feel that a national market is beyond their grasp are really fooling themselves. They are picturing a United States as it used to look in their old school days geography—an immense loose area sprawling over a large part of the globe. Today the contrary, the foreshortening effects of improved transportation and communication, have made the United States a compact, compressed, condensed market, readily within the scope of the ambitious and energetic.

Hence national advertising for you is a far, far different proposition from what it was for your father. For him it might have been a luxury; for you, it may be a necessity if you want to retain the same relative status. For town, read county; for city, read state; and for state, read nation. Such are the corrections one must make to bring business geography up to date.

You may admit that national advertisers are making the money, but you ask who is paying the bills? Therefore let us trace out what happens when a company starts to advertise.

The first step is preliminary and consists of making sure that the product is sound and fairly priced. You cannot successfully sell a product that cannot be successfully bought. There is no money in initial sales, first orders, trial orders.

(*Continued on page 42*)

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How's Your Cold?

Illustrated by REGINALD BIRCH

West meets East and the unsanitary missionary horrifies the "heathen"

The open sneezon is at hand for the great American winter game of sniff, sniff, who's got the sniffles? But if you'll fight 'em, cold germs won't beat you. They're the poor sports of the microbe world—they only hit a fellow when he's down

By RUTH F. WADSWORTH, M.D.

EVERYONE but the person most interested in a cold thinks it a little humorous to hear him talking without the aid of his nose. He gets very slight and casual commiseration, although more and more people are beginning to avoid him.

But I am afraid it will be a long time before the so-called "common cold" will be taken seriously.

Of course there is nothing very shocking and inhuman about our attitude toward colds, but it is based, certainly, on faulty or insufficient information.

The cold, as a matter of fact, is no laughing matter—ask the man who has one. Or better still, ask the man who has six or seven during the winter and another in midsummer. You probably won't ask him, because you hesitate to get him started. He has a real line of talk, having tried every form of cold medicine, every form of cold treatment, every mode of life—except, of course, the successful one—advocated to insure one against colds.

What is a cold? Are we not just making a mountain out of a molehill to take it seriously? We are willing to admit that it is a pesky and annoying thing, but is it not a little old-womanish to make a fuss about it?

No Cure-All for Colds

LET'S see. In the first place, the word "cold" is very misleading. The group of phenomena which comprise what we know as a "cold" is, to be sure, more common in cold weather. But so are lots of other diseases.

A COLD CAN NO LONGER BE CONSIDERED A REACTION OF THE BODY TO LOW TEMPERATURE.

We know it is an infection, localized in the respiratory apparatus, and causing the tissues in which it flourishes to react in various uncomfortable and unattractive ways.

A great many respiratory infections start in the mucous membrane of the nose. In its valiant effort to combat the infection this membrane starts a reflex which results in a violent expulsion of air and, generally, mucus—and we call the experience a sneeze.

For centuries the sneeze has been considered a sign of "catching cold." The response to it has been to shut windows, close doors, put on more clothing and stir up the fire. Experience has not taught us that these measures do not necessarily prevent the progress of the cold, if we happen to be getting one.

The sneeze is not only an attempt on the part of the nose to get rid of germs. It is a reflex which may be started by any foreign body, not only in the nose but on the surface of the face at different points, and even, in some people, by overstimulation of the eye by light or strain. Therefore a lot of our precautions are pointless. If a sneeze does mean an incipient cold, most people can tell it by the accompanying dryness and irritation of the nose and eyes.

But the shutting out of external cold is one of the most futile ways of responding to the attack. This is one of the reasons why we should learn to dissociate "colds" from cold.

The medical name for a cold will never do as a popular substitute. It is acute coryza. It is not a very descriptive name. Yet we do need a name that will take us away from the constant association of temperature with respiratory infection.

Coryza is, from a doctor's point of view, an unscientific and unsatisfactory disease. It follows none of the rules observed by the more serious infections which make their treatment comparatively simple. The germ of coryza is no one organism. Therefore a serum cannot be developed.

When serum treatment is used for colds we must use what is known as a "shotgun" vaccine—made from eight or ten organisms, any one of which may cause a cold. This treatment is unsatisfactory; sometimes it is successful, and sometimes it isn't.

When we know the organism responsible for a disease, as in diphtheria, serum treatment is almost sensational in its results. That is why we all drew a long sigh of relief last summer when, at the height of the mild epidemic of infantile paralysis, it was announced that the organism had been isolated. This meant, to doctors at least, that eventually the serum would be made and the dread disease brought under control.

But with colds the organism hunt has proved *too* fruitful. Not one germ has been found but many, which means that each cold must be cultured if a specific serum is to be used. By the time this expensive and laborious procedure is finished the disease has generally passed its height.

Colds and kissing go together here—as he'll speedily find out

Another unpleasant habit of coryza, which differs from many of the other infections, is that one attack of it does not confer immunity. In fact, it is inclined to do the opposite. One attack often predisposes to another. This is because, generally, it is a mild infection. The body does not get sufficiently stirred up about it to develop a real resistance. The tissues which are involved locally, as the membranes of the nose and throat, are weakened by an attack and very easily pick up another germ which causes the same symptoms.

Persons who are what we may call "addicted" to colds will agree with me that colds are something to get excited about. They do not kill, of course, but they cause inconvenience, discomfort and real disability. They remove the joy of living as effectively as do boils, and they are conducive to the well-known inferiority complex.

Moreover, while they start as simple colds, they have an unpleasant tendency to end as something else, such as sinus infection, middle-ear disease, bronchitis or laryngitis.

To doctors who feel that the physical millennium will be reached when the infectious diseases are exterminated, the prevalence of the common cold is an indictment of our civilization.

Keep These Eight Commandments

EACH person who succumbs to a cold makes the continuance of the life of the cold organisms more possible, as passage through the human organisms gives the germs new life and starts them on their way again rejoicing. If coryza should be classed as a serious disease, quarantined as other diseases are quarantined, and avoided as other infections are avoided, there is no reason why it should not be controlled as other infections are now controlled. The result in increased efficiency and enjoyment of life would be considerable.

With this ideal condition in view, let us consider ETHICAL BEHAVIOR OF THE CORYZA VICTIM:

There is no need to tell you that coryza is "catching." Everybody has had a cold which can be traced to close association with someone else suffering from a cold. Ordinary coryza, characterized by sneezing, inflamed eyes, discharging nose and chilly sensations, is most infectious in the early stages. In this period there are certain things that the victim should NOT do, in common decency and out of respect for the well-being of others:

1. He should not sleep in the same room with anybody else, nor in a communicating room with the door open.

2. He should not kiss anybody, and should shake hands as little as possible.

3. He should not spend any length of time in a closed room with other people. Many colds are spread by means of long drives in a closed car, or by an evening of bridge or poker.

4. He should not—and this is a very elementary rule—drink from a glass used by anybody else, or touch food that is to be eaten by others. This rule concerns food handlers such as cooks and restaurant workers, over whom the boards of health now exercise active supervision in some communities.

The things which a cold sufferer SHOULD do are quite as numerous as the things he should not do:

1. He should always hold a handkerchief before his (*Continued on page 41*)

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The Snake in the Grass

Would any nice girl marry a man who tried to win her by such sly methods?

By WILLIAM ALMON WOLFF

Illustrated by JOHN H. CROSMAN

He heard her voice low, very low: "Peter!" He was at her side in a moment

ANNE MURRAY sat all alone, winking back annoyed tears. All alone because, always the lady, she'd waited until they were in a thoroughly secluded spot before she told her young man where he got off. And because, now that he'd left her flat, and gone off to get a taxi and go home, she didn't feel like going back, right away, where there were people. She was a little bit contrite because, as usual, she'd let go, rather, once she got started, but then Charles must be used to that by now. Charles was her young man's name that summer—Charles Fremont. Not that his name hadn't always been Charles Fremont, you understand, but there had been other summers in Anne's life and other young men.

That was one of the things that preyed on her mind as she sat thinking in the darkness. She'd had pretty sour luck with her young men, she thought. She had an abominable reputation. People called her a man-eater, a window shopper, a conscienceless flirt, a fickle and generally worthless hussy. And it wasn't so, any more than it was so that she counted on getting away with murder because she was Andrew Murray's daughter. She'd just made mistakes. Who didn't?

When you find out that otherwise decent and extremely attractive young men really are interested in your money, or the money they want to be very sure you're going to have, it changes your outlook.

WHEN Charles came along she'd just rather like him, at first, because he was a relief from the standardized young man with a line. Charles had nothing resembling a line, and she'd been inclined to think, until she got to know him, that he was a little dumb, though he looked intelligent, of course, with his nice, high forehead, and his thick, shell-rimmed glasses.

But she found out that he had a brain, and he talked to her as if she had one, too, and she thought, at times, that she had. He had ideals, too, and she admired the way he absolutely refused to compromise with them. He was ridiculously poor. He lived on an income he had of about a hundred dollars a month—in one room, in town, in the winter, and in a shack up in the country in the summer, where he cooked his own meals, and did everything for himself, and had to walk three miles and back for the mail.

She thought it was quite wonderful for him to live so, because it wasn't really necessary. He could have earned a good salary, and lived like anyone else. But he'd been writing plays ever since he'd left college. Only once had he come near getting one of them produced, but that had fallen through because he wouldn't make a lot of changes and substitute a happy ending for the one he had.

It all proved, Anne thought, that he had character. And, what was more, that he wasn't thinking about the Murray fortune when he began, after a while, to display a very marked and much more than friendly interest in her. He'd proposed to her, finally, after a fashion, with a lot of talk about how rotten it was for him to say anything when he'd have to ask her to wait he didn't know how long. And she'd accepted him, and suggested that maybe they needn't wait, because, after all, she'd still have her allowance, and she wouldn't mind living in the shack, and doing the cooking, and they'd have her roadster, which would help a lot. But he'd said no, he wouldn't marry any girl till he could support her.

Her family hadn't hung out any flags, though. Still, families were like that, always. And her friends hadn't been too pleasant.

It wasn't, though, any of the things her family and her friends had thought would make trouble that had led to the row tonight.

They'd come to this dance at the club, and she'd been having a perfectly marvelous time, until she'd seen Charles standing all by himself, in a corner, glowering at her. He didn't dance and wouldn't learn, and he was likely to be bored, of course, but that was his own fault, she thought, and she didn't see why he had to stand around looking like a corpse that had lost its winding sheet. So she'd stopped dancing, at once, and gone up to him, and brought him out here on the veranda to have it out with him, once for all.

"What's the matter with you?"

"I'm bored. And if you think I'm going to stand around and watch you dancing all the time with a worm like Jimmy Hatton—"

"Jimmy Hatton! Oh, Charles—you—bonehead! He's the best dancer I ever knew, but he's the most hopeless flop every other way! You ought to be glad I dance with him every time he asks me instead of with someone who might say something once in a while—"

So it had gone, with one word leading to another. And here she was, feeling miserable and unhappy. Because if Charles was going to go bad on her, like the others, it was going to be the last straw and she'd better go into a nunnery.

THEN she wasn't alone any longer. Shuffling footsteps approached, and she pulled herself together. A tall, unfamiliar-looking man was coming toward her. And just as he had come within two or three feet of her, without, so far as she could tell, noticing her, a gust of wind disturbed a curtain, and the light from a window fell full upon her, and the strange young man stopped, his hands thrust into his coat pockets, and stared at her.

"Hello!" he said. "What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing," she said, with dignity.

"Yes, there is," he insisted. "You've been crying."

"Suppose I have!" she said, then, angrily. "What is it to you?"

"Oh, nothing!" he said. "Nothing. Except that it pleases me. I'm off women."

Anne was, as it happened, sitting in a deck chair, with a wooden extension rest for her feet, and the young man, seeing this, sat down, regardless of the preëmptive rights of her feet and part of her legs.

"Women," he said, sententiously, "are no good. Women have done me dirt. I'm off them for life."

Anne said nothing.

"I hope," he added, in a tone carrying a little less of conviction.

That made Anne chuckle.

"You needn't laugh," he said, morosely. "If I ever fall again it won't be for you. Want a cigarette?"

"Yes," said Anne, and he lighted it for her, and she rather liked his looks, as she saw him in the flame of the match.

"What's the matter with you?" she asked.

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"With me? Gosh! Nothing! I'll say there isn't! I'm a free spirit. I've had my lesson. I've taken my licking. I'm going to be like the cat that walks by its wild lone the rest of my life!"

Anne sat up, and let her feet fall to the floor, and clasped her knees with her hands.

"Tell me about all this," she said. "When did it happen? Just tonight?"

"Tonight? Don't make me laugh! There isn't a girl here could take me for a ride. Except—maybe—you might have. I could tell better in the light."

"Why, that's one of the nicest things I ever had said to me," said Anne, gratefully. "I appreciate it very much—really, I do. When was it, then?"

"Oh, about a month ago. No use talking about it. Let the dead past bury its dead—all that. Your turn now. What's your trouble?"

"Oh, I haven't any!" said Anne. "In the presence of a real tragedy my insignificant woes fade into their true proportions."

"Hunh!" His grunt was eloquent.

"Who are you, anyway—where did you come from?" asked Anne.

HE GOT up and bowed correctly. "Peter Lane," he said. "New York. References on request. But I wouldn't bother. You won't be seeing me again."

"Why, no, I suppose I won't," said Anne, "in any case. But do you mean you're going to end it all?"

"Me? Bump myself off? For a woman?" Infinite scorn was in his voice. "I hope to tell you I'm not!"

"Well, I'm glad to hear it," said Anne. "I think it's a very silly thing to do. And—I think perhaps you had better tell me whom you are staying with, so that I won't happen to drop in there for tea tomorrow and upset you."

"Where do you get off, laughing at me?" he said. "Crying all over the place the way you were when I came along! But I'm not staying with anyone, as it happens. I don't know anyone here except an old gazook called Thwing, and I had to see him about some bonds, and they hadn't any rooms at the inn, and I'd got a card for this club from the secretary of my club, in case I wanted to play some golf in the morning, so I got a room here. And then they go and wish a dance on me, so that I can't sleep!"

"That's terrible," said Anne. "But you know what house committees are! I don't suppose you've been dancing, either, the way you feel about women?"

"Dancing? I?"

"I'm sorry—I didn't mean to stir you up!"

"It's all right," he said magnanimously. Far away the music started again. Hallelujah, once again! He ground his teeth. "Damn that tune! Wouldn't you know they'd pick a summer when I feel like this to let that song loose?"

He got up, and his feet began to shuffle, in spite of him, apparently. Anne sat still and looked up at him.

"Oh, come on and dance!" he said crossly. So she got up, and they went in, and she knew, right away, he was the dancer she'd been waiting all her life to find.

"You can dance, all right," he said grudgingly at the end of the dance—the last dance. "I wish—oh, well! What do you do now? Go home? You're not married, are you?"

"No," she said regretfully, "I'm not. But," she added hopefully, "I'm engaged. Won't that do?"

"Engaged!" he said morosely. "A lot of difference that would make to you!"

She was getting tired of these unwarrantable assumptions even perfect strangers made about her. She was pink with rage as she looked at him. But she wasn't going to let him know it.

"But it has," she said, meekly. "Quite a lot. . . . About going home—no, I don't think so. There's always a party somewhere after a dance here."

He just looked at her.

"I could take you, if I did go on somewhere, of course," she said, "but you wouldn't want to go, would you? You'd be bound to meet a lot of women."

He laughed a bitter laugh.

"I think you'd better go on up to bed. It'll be quiet, soon now, so you can sleep."

"Sleep? What would I be sleeping for at this hour on a Saturday? I want to dance some more. With you. That's what I get for dancing with you at all!"

"Women," he said sententiously, "are no good. Women have done me dirt. I'm off them for life"

"It's on your own head," said Anne. "Oh—yo-ho, Kit! Where's everyone going?"

"My place. The aged parents are off for the week-end. Bring your little playmate along."

So she took Peter Lane out to her roadster, and put him in Charles' seat, and drove to Kit Warner's. And they danced together mostly, as long as the dancing lasted, which wasn't very long. When the idea of dancing petered out, they just went out, like everyone else, and sat down near the water, and talked.

"WHY are you off women?" asked Anne. "Just because one girl—!"

"They're all alike," said Peter. "They're a lot of short sports. They're out for what they can get. All they live for is to exploit men and work them. They aren't—oh, gosh—they just aren't gentlemen!"

"Neither are a lot of men."

"That's because they've played around with women too much. Look at me. I used to be a gentleman myself. Not any more. Nothing in it. Doesn't get you anywhere. I'll bet your young man's a gentleman. I'll bet it was all your fault, the row you had just before I came along."

"How do you know there was a row?"

"My good girl, I'm not a fool! You told me you were engaged, didn't you? And nobody's been around trying to mash my head in. So your young man's not here. Naturally I assume he went off in a pet."

"Well, it wasn't my fault!" said Anne, virtuously. "And don't you go around thinking I'm trying to exploit him either! I never tried to exploit a man in my life!"

"The funny thing is," Peter told the lapping waves on the beach, "that they believe things like that when they say 'em!

"There's no use getting sore at women," he went on. "Or hating them, even. I sort of like them, sometimes, when they're like you. I'm off them, though—that goes. I rather like bees, too—hearing them hum, and watching them dip into flowers, but I keep away so that I won't get stung. That's just common sense."

"Oh, dear!" said Anne. "I certainly would like to meet the girl who did all this to you, Peter Lane! You're sweet—you really are. I'd give her a piece of my mind for curdling you! But you're awfully stupid, too—or is it just that you're so young?"

He leaped up in a rage, but then he saw her laughing, and sat down, sheepishly.

"Tell me," she said. "Why do you go back to town tomorrow?

"Got to. Got to be on the job at nine on Monday."

"Can't you get away for a time while it's so hot?"

"Not a chance! We're in some big underwritings. And the little wheel goes round and round—it never stops."

"What a shame! I'd like to have you under my eye for a month. It would do you lots of good up here. And some of these girls are darlings."

"I've looked them all over. You're the only one I'd have given a thought to even before—well, before I got off women."

"You are sweet!" said Anne. "And here I am, engaged and everything!"

"A lot I'd care for that if— Oh, well—what's the good of talking?"

"There isn't any," said Anne. "Come on—people are starting to go—it is late. I'll take you back to the club."

THEY didn't talk during the short ride to the club. When they reached it he turned and took her hand.

"Thanks," he said, and his voice was rather gruff. "You—you've been pretty nice to me. I've talked like a silly goat, rather."

"Oh, that's all right!" said Anne. "I—I just wish you felt better."

He was still holding her hand, and he made a funny, muffled sort of noise in his throat. And then, so suddenly that Anne really was surprised, he pulled her over and kissed her. And she kissed him, too. Then they sat and looked at one another.

"Oh," said Anne. And then she laughed, a high, nervous laugh. "I—I thought you were off women."

"I—oh—I said I hoped I was!" he said, wretchedly. "I—gosh—I'm sorry, Anne. I didn't mean to, a second before—"

"It—it's all right," she said. "What's a kiss, after all! Good—good night, Peter—"

"Wait a minute," he said, and groped for her hand again.

"No," she said. "Get out, please, Peter, I—I've got to go home. Good night. It's all right."

He looked at her. Then, rather grimly, he got out of the car.

"Right," he said. "I probably won't see you again. Good-by."

(*Continued on page 39*)

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The Bad Man from Missouri

Jesse James, the plaster saint of the bad old days, hops off his pedestal once too often

By OWEN P. WHITE *and* WARREN NOLAN

From an old print

Bob Ford plugs Friend James for the great state of Missouri

EIGHT months before the fatal night on which the Pinkerton detectives visited the James' old homestead in Kearney, Mo., and blew up the family, Jesse had turned aside from gun fights, homicides, bank lootings and train robberies for a gentler adventure.

On April 24, 1874, the blushing young outlaw, gayly attired in two brass-bound six-shooters and a couple of cartridge belts, and with his own Uncle Will officiating at the altar, was rightly and properly married to his cousin, Miss Zee Mimms.

This ceremony, witnessed only by members of the two families and a few intimate friends, took place in the old home town—Kearney. Immediately at its conclusion, probably because they wanted to avoid the embarrassing congratulation of a detachment of State Constabulary which arrived a few minutes later, the bandit and his bride started away on their honeymoon.

Tradition has it that their honeymoon was spent in Texas, where Jesse traveled incog and industriously picked up $3,500 in expense money through a stage robbery pulled off between Austin and San Antonio.

Also, in this quiet and tender period, the neat little sum of $55,000 was robbed from a train at Muncie, Kan. Jesse's admiring biographers all say that even though he may not have actively participated in the latter enterprise, he certainly did, as the head of the organization, share in its benefits.

However, nobody knows exactly where the love birds dallied.

Then came the bombing by the Pinkertons, which led his admirers to crown Jesse, so to speak. In their eyes, in addition to its old weather-beaten halo and a lot of new prices which had been officially placed upon it, Jesse's head now wore the coronet of martyrdom. Hence, wherever the hero cared to go in Missouri, Kentucky or Tennessee he was sure to find shelter and protection. The numerous beds in which Jesse James slumbered and the many knives with which he ate during this portion of his career are handed down as priceless heirlooms from generation to generation.

The newspapers were now "for Jesse." He was a copy source unequaled since the days of John Brown. Sonorous snorts labeled as editorials, belaboring the Pinkertons and canonizing Jesse, appeared in all the great dailies. Whereupon the politicians, scenting publicity for themselves, stepped in and did their bit for the romantic and thrifty hero.

To the sound of much oratory the Missouri legislature adopted a resolution condemning the activities of the sleuths and demanding an investigation. One was held. It revealed nothing of importance. But none the less it was not long until the halls of the old State House were again ringing with the echoes of a debate on a ridiculous bill, introduced by the Hon. Jeff Jones, which proposed amnesty for Jesse James. This bill was defeated.

In the meantime, while all this rumpus was being raised in his behalf, the newly-wed, in the vernacular of Missouri, "done noble." His head didn't swell a bit. He continued to go through the land consecrating rocking-chairs and mustache cups, and he maintained his equilibrium a lot better than his admirers maintained theirs—because he just went ahead and attended to his own business.

Pinkerton and Jesse Break Even

NATURALLY the first thing, as a question of honor, which Jesse had to attend to after the bombing of the homestead was the matter of getting even with somebody for doing it.

A neighbor named Askew, who had frequently expressed vociferous disapproval of the antics of the James family, and who was popularly believed to be in league with the devil, alias Allan Pinkerton, stepped from his own front door one bright moonlit night bound on a very peaceful mission. What Mr. Askew intended to get when he went out was a bucket of water pumped from his own pump, but what he really got was a bucket of lead pumped into him from the pump guns of a couple of unknowns lurking behind a woodpile.

For this act Jesse and Frank James were, of course, given all the credit by most of the approving residents of Clay County.

Allan Pinkerton's name came next on Jesse's list.

The young bandit is said to have made a special trip to Chicago for the sole purpose of bumping off the eminent detective. For some reason or other Jesse didn't get him.

Thus they were even: Allan didn't get Jesse; Jesse didn't get Allan.

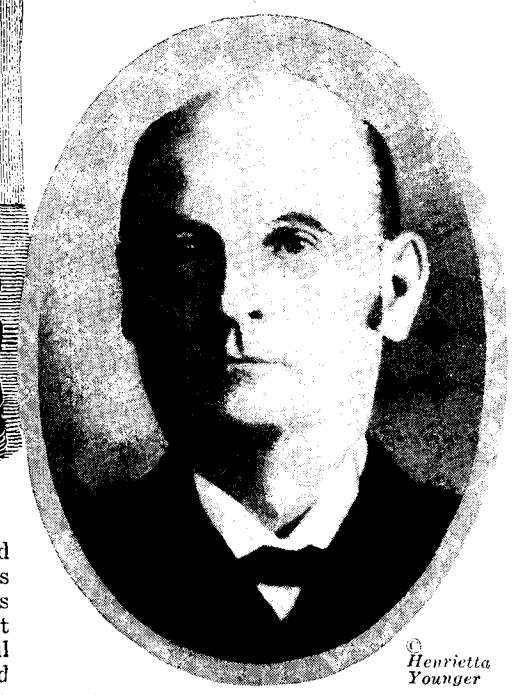
Then, under the alias of "J. D. Howard"—which has since become famous because it rhymes so easily with another common word in the language—Jesse set up and maintained a home in Nashville, Tenn. There, except for poker playing, he ostensibly led a righteous, sober life as a dealer in livestock. There also, according to the record, he occasionally "met up" and held converse with an equally righteous and sober gentleman named Woodson, who purported to be a contracting teamster. This Woodson person was none other than Frank James.

It was in Nashville, on August 31, 1875, that Jesse James, Jr., was born, and it is interesting to note that his arrival preceded by but one day the robbing of a bank at Huntington, W. Va. Jesse, Jr., was innocently to blame for the fact that Jesse, Sr., did not attend the latter festival—although he benefited from it, of course.

Cash for the Newly-Weds

THE obligations of fatherhood, however, did not prevent Jesse, alias Howard, who moved his family to Baltimore in the meantime, from being among those present at the next reunion of the gang.

This reunion was held on July 7, 1876, at a place known as Rocky Cut, near Otterville, Cooper County, Missouri. It had for its object the robbing of a certain train known to carry treasure, on the Missouri Pacific Railway. Those responding to the roll call were Jesse and Frank James, Cole and Bob Younger, Clell Miller, Charles Pitts, Bill Chadwick and a certain halfwit by the name of Hobbs Kerry.



© *Henrietta Younger*

Bob, of the Younger trio of lifers

The meeting was called to order, all unnecessary preliminaries were dispensed with, and under the direction of Jesse James the new business on hand was at once gone into. An objectionable watchman on duty at a near-by bridge was taken into custody, a large pile of rocks and crossties was placed upon the track and Mr. Charlie Pitts was detailed to the task of swinging a red lantern to warn the engineer that if he didn't stop the train he'd most likely wreck it.

The train came, the lantern swung, the brakes shrieked, so did the lady passengers, and in less than thirty minutes the bandits were riding happily and hastily away with $17,000.

Twenty miles from Rocky Cut the boys stopped, split the swag—and then it was each man for himself in the general direction of safety first.

Hobbs Kerry, the halfwit, couldn't stand prosperity; he bought too many new clothes, took too many drinks, made

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a vulgar display of too much wealth. The detectives got Hobbs, he snitched, and it thus at once became known that Jesse, along with brother Frank and the Younger brothers, was again in the field.

The fact that their connection with the Rocky Cut affair was known to the authorities did not, however, cause the Missouri boys the least bit of anxiety. They went straight home as usual, hung around with friends and relatives, had a good time, and then, while amateur and professional sleuths were poking all over Clay and Jackson Counties looking for them, came the astounding news that the James boys had invaded a distant field.

More—they had at last pulled a boner and were having a merry time of it.

Shortly after the Rocky Cut success the gang met in a dense woods near Jesse's home to decide what to do next and where to do it. Crop reports from Minnesota were favorable; the bank vaults up there should be bulging out with cash on deposit to the credit of prosperous farmers. So the boys all felt that they ought to travel and broaden out a bit.

Northfield was selected as the town they would honor with their patronage.

Accordingly on September 7, 1876, two groups of four sinful men each, one riding down from the north and the other up from the south, approached the unsuspecting village. At a preconcerted moment, announcing their arrival, as usual, with bullets and bad words, these two detachments dashed in from opposite ends of the main street. When they met right in front of the bank, Jesse James, Cole Younger and Clell Miller hastily dismounted and went inside, leaving to the rest of the berserkers the task of keeping up the discharge of fireworks and profanity for the intimidation and entertainment of the general population.

Inside the bank Jesse and his two fellow gun toters found a situation which should have been to their liking. In addition to the cashier there were but two men present. This was ideal—just a man each for the robbers. But, as had happened once before, Jesse made the serious financial blunder of being too quick with his trigger.

He told the cashier to open the vault; the cashier told him to go to hell, and instantly all chance of successfully robbing that particular bank was eliminated. The combination to the vault died with the brave cashier.

As there was nothing in the way of cash in sight, except a drawer full of nickels which he cast contemptuously to the floor, Jesse turned his attention to the street to see what could be the meaning of the terrific bombardment going on out there.

It was time to go!

Inhospitable Minnesota

FROM the second-story window of a building across the street a college boy named Wheeler had already administered the happy dispatch to Messrs. Wells and Stiles (alias Pitts and Chadwick), and as the rest of the male population of Northfield was beginning to assemble and pitch lead, Jesse and what was left of his gang tore six long streaks in the smoky atmosphere.

For three days and nights, with a constantly growing mob of Minnesotans in hot pursuit, they did their fleeing on horseback. Then, their horses having played out, the six men took to the woods on foot. It was still a long, long way to Clay County, Missouri.

Three more days and nights went by, and the gang broke up. Jesse and Frank James went their way, back to home and mother if they could make it; while the other four went theirs and in no time at all ran head on into the arms of a waiting sheriff. These must have been fire "arms" because when the greeting was over it was found that Clell Miller had gone to the Great Beyond, while two of the three Younger boys were badly wounded. This trio of brothers went to the pen for life!

Wanted: Jesse, Dead or Alive

FRANK and Jesse, however, the former with a painful bullet hole in his leg, and the latter with a serious wound in his hat, had better luck. For several days the brothers hung around on the edge of a little village, and, in order to get food and transportation, were forced to descend to the very lowest depths of their adopted profession. They robbed a hen roost, then a watermelon patch, and at last managed to appropriate a pair of horses.

From an old print

The James gang get even with Farmer Askew for fancied wrongs

Finally they reached a small town in Nebraska, on the edge of the friendly belt. Here they were cared for by an old pal of Jesse's; a doctor and a hatter patched up their wounds; they went home as soon as possible, and from that well-known haven of safety Jesse James at once issued a proclamation announcing his permanent retirement from public life.

The young man, only twenty-eight years old, who had for twelve of those years lived in an atmosphere of violence, bloodshed, murder and robbery, and enjoyed it and profited by it, was allowed every fair opportunity to become an upright and honorable citizen.

On his home grounds Jesse was not industriously pursued by anybody. If he had been, he undoubtedly would have been either killed or captured, because the records of those days show—and there are many Missourians still alive who will testify—that his whereabouts were constantly known to a considerable number of people.

From this there was only one conclusion Jesse could possibly have drawn. He had committed dozens of atrocious crimes, for any one of which he richly deserved hanging; throughout his entire career he had never done one meritorious act; and yet, merely because he had been a guerrilla in the slavery cause, and because his mother and little half-brother had been the accidental victims of a bomb intended for him, the majority of the citizens of his own state and two adjacent states were willing to let bygones be bygones.

This state of affairs might have continued indefinitely. Jesse didn't need any official amnesty, because there was no public animosity against him. He showed his appreciation and sincerity in a typically Jesse Jamesian way.

Accompanied by a new gang, which he had recruited to replace the demised and detained boys of former years, Jesse rode up, on October 7, 1879, to the station in Glendale, Missouri, and without ceremony locked in the baggage-room everybody who was hanging around the place. However, as it was still some minutes before train time, and as Jesse evidently wanted to have a good audience on hand for the main event of the evening, he left a man or two to take care of those already incarcerated and rode on to the village store. There the prominent citizens were all assembled for their regular nightly stove spitting contest. Jesse extended an invitation to all present to come to the depot and see the fun. The invitation, which was presented in the form of several cordial-looking six-shooters, was unanimously accepted. The p. c.'s were herded to the station, thrown in, and thereafter business went on as usual.

The engineer of the oncoming express was given the option of either stopping his train or hitting a pile of crossties. He stopped; the express messenger handed over $35,000; the train pulled out, and so did the gang. But as Jesse had forgotten to unlock the baggage-room it was some time before the authorities in Kansas City were notified of the holdup.

In the meantime Jesse and his followers divided the spoils and went contentedly to their respective homes, where, so far as anyone knows, they quietly remained until July 15, 1881.

On this date they reassembled in Daviess County and robbed another train.

This Daviess job was done with frills, and according to an entirely new set of rules. Arranging to have horses ready at a certain point some distance ahead, Jesse and his band boarded the train at a small way station. While being carried from there to their waiting mounts they entertained themselves by shooting and looting.

The looting on this occasion—because there was only about $2,000 in the express car—wasn't very satisfactory. But the shooting was. It pleased especially the valiant Jesse, because the principal victim was the train conductor, a gentleman named Westfall, who was generally believed by Jesse's social circle to have been among those present with the detectives on the night of the celebrated Kearney explosion.

Be that as it may, the assassination of this man resulted in a flareback. Throughout the old Western frontier for years all celebrated freebooters had considered it unethical to destroy stage drivers. As train conductors naturally came under the same heading, a great many of Jesse's admirers became knockers when they heard that he had openly violated his own professional code of honor.

This knocking grew worse, and louder and louder, and right in the thick of the din Jesse James hopped out and robbed another train.

This time he did it near home and in the good old-fashioned way. He and his boys barricaded the track, stopped the C. & A. southbound from Chicago, went through the express messenger and the passengers, got $6,500, more or less, and made their escape.

By this time nearly everybody had lost patience with the boy from Clay County. He had rejected his chance. Now he had to be good, and as the only way to make him be good was to do unto him as he had done unto others the governor of Missouri, a few railroad presidents and other authoritative citizens got together, made up a nice purse, and offered to present it to anybody who would bring in, dead or alive, the body of Jesse James.

Even this mark of attention didn't disturb or upset Jesse. He could have run away to New York or Mexico or any foreign country. Instead, still having many friends of questionable odor living in Missouri, he remained right in Kansas City until November 8, 1881, when he moved to St. Joseph and took up his residence under the name of Howard.

"Mr. Howard" Entertains Too Much

BEING a man of means Mr. Howard did no work, dressed himself well and rode on good horses. He also entertained quite a bit. From time to time strange men rode into town to visit him; stabled their mounts in his barn; put their knees under his table; slept under his roof, and rode away again.

Occasionally Mr. Howard took a trip himself. He would disappear for a day or two, reappear, and then do it all over again.

Nobody in St. Joseph paid any particular attention to Mr. Howard. But over in Clay County it was very different; in that outlaw-abiding jurisdiction there were quite a number of people who not only knew that *(Continued on page 35)*

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The Château of Phantasies

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

Major Forester's most baffling Riviera adventure proves to him that a mystery need not be seen through to be appreciated

Illustrated by T. D. SKIDMORE

"If you send me away without the hope that we may meet again, you will make me the most miserable of men." "Then you must come back," she whispered

"YOU are nothing more or less than a snob," my friend Denham declared as we sat side by side on a bench watching the sunlight filter through the pine trees behind the first tee at Cagnes.

"Because I object to chars-à-bancs?" I protested.

"Because you object to the principle which riding in a char-à-bancs implies. None could possibly object to chars-à-bancs for any sane reason. They are better hung than motor cars; their seats are more luxurious, the cost is trifling. All that you lose is your cursed exclusiveness. You object to other people sharing the same privileges as yourself. You prefer the expense of a private automobile, which not all of us can afford, or else to remain at home when you might be exploring beautiful country rather than do so in company with your neighbors. I call that snobbishness."

"Very well," I agreed meekly, "take the seats, and I will come with you." . . .

On the whole, I was glad that I had allowed my friends to persuade me. We had a fine day for our excursion, and we crept sluggishly but safely across some of the mountainous roads at the back of Nice, through the heart of that hilly but richly fertile country of old villages, of flower farms and tucked-away homesteads, from behind the gates of which the peasant folk stared at us, still with a touch of that dumb wonder which seems always lurking in the mind of the yokel who lives in the quiet places.

Toward afternoon we came to a standstill halfway up a precipitous hill, and the driver of the car descended to effect some slight repairs. It was a picturesque although a wild spot. On one side of us was a precipice; on the other a wood, cut through by one of those straight, formal drives, leading to a château, weather-stained, forbidding-looking, with its rows of narrow, empty windows. I pointed it out to the conductor of the char-à-bancs.

"A lonely place for a large house," I remarked. "Who lives up there?"

To my surprise—for the French people of that order today are far from being a religious race—the man crossed himself.

"One believes," he replied, "the Comte de Trébault. The house is never visited, though."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I have heard something of this," my friend intervened from his place by my side. So that is the Château Trébault! The Trébaults of hundreds of years ago were supposed to welcome their visitors with the oubliette, the dungeon opening only at the top. There are legends about the present man. Is it not so?" he inquired of the conductor.

"The country people talk," the man acknowledged. "Their stories are wild, but the fact remains—there is no one who visits the Château Trébault."

He descended to help the driver of the char-à-bancs with his task. I looked up the stony, winding road above, unprotected on either side, twisting and curving its way almost around the summit of one of the spurs of the mountain range which we had to cross before we dropped into the plain of the Mediterranean. Then I looked back at the château, and a curious sensation came to me. There was no actual change in that long front of sightless windows, yet, whereas I had looked at them only a few moments before in dumb and passive curiosity, I was now suddenly and profoundly intrigued.

THE spirit of enterprise which in my younger days had led me into so many strange places seemed, without reason or incentive, rekindled. I felt that the apparent desertion of the house was a farce, that the broad, uninviting avenue, with the dank weeds and grass-grown borders, was in effect one of those passages opening out from the lives of all of us, at the far end of which shines the lamp of adventure. I rose and prepared to climb down.

"Where are you off to?" my friend Denham asked.

"I am going to speak to the driver of the char-à-bancs," I replied.

Denham knew that I was something of a mechanic, and he let me go. It was not in my mind, however, to offer help. I stood by the man's side for a moment, watching him lay out his tools.

"Shall we be long?" I asked.

"One cannot say, sir," he replied, a little surlily. "Half an hour at least. If one of you gentlemen would take the trouble, it would be a good thing to walk on to the next bend and prevent anything coming round. They could not pass here." . . .

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"There has been an accident," said the voice. "If you can keep quiet until the ambulances come—"

I glanced up the zigzag road, which in the far distance seemed little more than a goat track. I fancied that I saw some disturbance upon the horizon—or was it merely a cloud of dust blown into a cyclone by the wind which was sobbing around us? One of the bystanders started off to the corner, but I turned away, approached the fine but rusty gates of the Château Trébault, shook the chain which locked them together, and, finding it secure, stepped round the side through a gap in the prickly hedge, and started off up the deserted avenue. Even as I did so I fancied that I heard a clamor of voices behind; nevertheless I held on my way.

THE gale, which had been blowing in great gusts from the mountains and booming through the valleys, seemed, even in this sheltered spot, to be spending itself in a sort of fantastic fury. Besides the black cypress trees on each side of me, bending this way and that with a lack of unison which seemed somehow grotesque, there was a medley of other trees and shrubs, among which the wind was making havoc. Little twigs of deadwood were blown down upon my head, delicate leaves of oleander blossom floated in the air, sometimes caught up by eddies of wind until they sailed over the tops of the trees, sometimes falling like huge flakes of snow upon the avenue; and, all along, until I reached the great round opening with its dead fountain in the middle of a jungle of weedy grass, there was no sign that any human being had traversed its desolate way.

The French are not used to neglect any yard of tillable land, yet, as I came out into the open spaces surrounding the château, on one side of me were uncared-for vineyards, where the vines, without pruning, had been allowed to run riot, and on the other side a wilderness of pasture land upon which no cattle had fed or reaping machine taken toll. The front of the house was longer and more imposing than I had imagined from the road. There must have been a dozen windows at least on each side of the huge front door, and on each of the corners of the building were the four Provençal towers.

Upon the step in front of the door lay the remains of a rusty bell, dragged from its socket. I leaned forward and struck the panels with a walking stick which I was carrying. Thick though it must have been, I seemed to hear the echoes of my summons resounding in caverns of emptiness within.

"No one will come," I said to myself. "There could be no one here alive." Yet I struck again and again, until, much to my amazement (a little also to my fear!) I heard the sound of footsteps approaching the entrance—slow, solemn footsteps—the footsteps, so far as I could gather, of a heavy man.

I stepped a yard back into the windy twilight and waited. The footsteps ceased; a lock was turned; the door was thrown open. I found myself face to face with a man who, save for his beard and his worn clothes, might very well have been the butler of such a house. The very way in which he leaned deferentially forward was professional. He left me to speak.

"Is your master at home?" I asked.

"Monsieur le Comte is at home, but he does not receive," was the stolid reply.

I produced a card.

"I am an English tourist," I told the man, "stranded here by a mishap. I wondered whether it would be possible for me to look over the château?"

"Monsieur will be pleased to step inside," he invited.

I followed him into what seemed to be at first a chasm of twilight. Then, as my eyes became accustomed to the change, I saw that we had passed into a great hall, the size of which, considering the external architecture, was a surprise to me. It was barely but in a way magnificently furnished. There were some oak chests of prodigious size and wonderfully carved against the white walls.

THE atmosphere of the place seemed to me, coming from the stormy freshness outside, dank, chill as the air of a mausoleum. One could well believe that the door which had rolled open to admit me had been kept fast closed for a hundred years. The greater my surprise, therefore, when I was ushered into a room of no particular size, furnished still, it is true, in the fashion of generations ago, but with many evidences of modern civilization.

The solitary occupant of the room was almost invisible in the depths of an easy-chair with protruding sides. He rose to his feet, however, at the first sound of the servant's voice, and stood confronting me.

"This gentleman, Monsieur le Comte, asked if it were permitted to see over the house?"

The Comte de Trébault, as I judged him to be, looked at me with an air of well-bred surprise. I felt that I had been guilty of an impertinence.

"But what could there be about my house to interest Monsieur?" he demanded.

"I offer you a thousand apologies, sir," I said, as the man withdrew, closing the door behind him. "The fact of it is that I am a tourist, and I have a natural fondness for old places, old furniture, old pictures. Your house looked as though it might well contain such treasures."

"But my house is not a museum," was the cold response.

"I can only offer you my apologies," I concluded, turning toward the door.

His attitude suddenly changed. He held out his hand.

"Give yourself the trouble to pause for a moment, monsieur," he begged. "Since you are here, you shall have your wish. You shall see the treasures of the House of Trébault."

HE LIFTED the lamp from the table, and led me from the room, pausing first in the center of the great hall. By the light of the lamp, which he held over his head, I could see clearly now three empty spaces where some time or other huge pictures must have hung. Now only the black outline of where the frames had rested remained.

"The center one you doubtless recognize from its description," he said. "It is the Andrea del Sarto stolen by mercenaries while on its way from Florence to the Court of King Francis. That on the left—the smaller painting—is by an artist unknown. You yourself, however, being a connoisseur, will doubtless divine its history. On the right is the only Murillo which ever came into the possession of my family."

I stared at the empty spaces, and I stared back at the tall, gaunt man who stood by my side. Not a muscle in his face moved.

A little dazed, I followed my cicerone. He threw open an oak door which rolled back as though it had been the entrance to a cathedral, and we passed into a gallery which must have taken up the whole of one side of the château. In the middle of the floor there were two long glass-topped cabinets—cabinets of oak with quaintly turned legs—and as far as I could see, along each side of the wall were those empty spaces where pictures had hung.

"The oak carving you see there," he went on, "was all the work of one man—the monk Ducellini, whom you will remember as having served under Michelangelo. It carries the history of the world from the birth of Christ through troublous periods to the dawn of the Renaissance. The picture above is a genuine Leonardo da Vinci."

He held up the lamp as though for me better to survey the gauntly empty space.

As my guide held the lamp still a little higher, I saw coming toward us a girl dressed in a lovely dark-colored gown with red about it, a girl who in that uncertain light seemed to me as though she might have stepped down from one of the frames of those nonexistent masters.

My guide set down the lamp upon one of the ancient cases, and turned to me.

"Sir," he announced, with the air of one who has wearied of his task, "here is a guide who (*Continued on page 34*)

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Delayed Fuse

A Short Short Story

By

WILLIAM SLAVENS McNUTT

The front door was swung open and Len Bassett came forth, a rifle in his hands. "Jimmy bunged up much?" he asked

Illustrated by JOHN ALAN MAXWELL

"I GOT you covered, Sheriff. I don't want to shoot less'n I have to, but I ain't goin' to be took."

The voice was Len Bassett's. It came from inside the old farmhouse on the hilltop.

Sheriff Cuyler, halfway out of the old flivver in which he had just arrived, paused. His deputy, Dave Morgan, seated back of the steering wheel, spoke a warning:

"Careful, Sheriff. He's dangerous."

"No call for you to use a gun on me, Len," the sheriff called out. "Nobody's wantin' to take you. I just drove up to find out what happened 'tween you an' Jimmy Blodgett."

There was a little period of silence. Then, "What's Blodgett say?" the voice from the house asked.

"Old Doc Gardner's patchin' him up, an' he won't leave me talk to him yet," the sheriff explained. "Doc give him some stuff to put him to sleep, an' he says he won't be set to talk 'fore maybe tomorrow mornin'. I thought maybe you'd like a chance to tell your side o' the story while we're waitin' around to hear his."

"How come you figure I'm mixed up with Jimmy Blodgett?" the man inside the house asked suspiciously.

"Jimmy claimed 'twas you he was fightin' with," the sheriff explained. "He was kinda wobbly an' out o' his head, so they didn't get much details."

Another short period of silence. Then the front door was swung open, and Len Bassett came forth, a rifle in his hands. He was a tall, rawboned, large-featured man in his early thirties. He stared at the sheriff suspiciously.

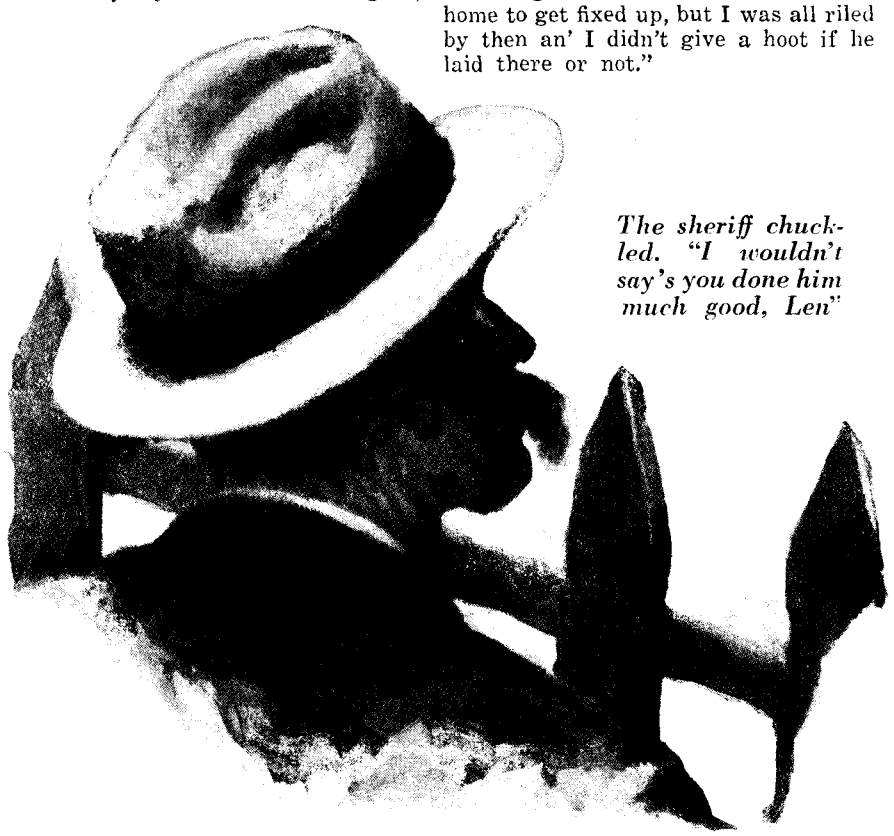
"Jimmy bunged up much?" he asked.

The sheriff chuckled and spat. "I wouldn't say 's you done him much good, Len," he said, "but most of him'll be there when he heals up, I reckon."

A reluctant grin creased Bassett's big features. He leaned his rifle against the house and crossed the yard to the fence. "He jumped me," he said abruptly.

"Yeah? How come?"

Bassett shrugged. "Me an' Clara was pretty good friends," he explained. "She married Jimmy, but before he come— You know how it was. We kep' company considerable, an' I wouldn't wonder if he's heard talk. I was drivin' back from town las' night around near dark, an' jus' this side o' his place he come up alongside, an' all of a sudden he cussed and grabbed me. I wasn't lookin' for nothin' like that, an' he pulled me off onto the road. Acted kind o' crazy. Cussin' me an' tellin' me he was goin' to kill me an' all like that. I lit into him then an' smacked him down. I give him a pretty good goin' over when I got started 'cause the way he talked I didn't know if he had a gun or knife or what. Finally he went down an' stayed down, an' I jus' clumb into my rig and drove off. I s'pose I should 'a' brought him around an' took him home to get fixed up, but I was all riled by then an' I didn't give a hoot if he laid there or not."



The sheriff chuckled. "I wouldn't say's you done him much good, Len"

"Must 'a' been kind o' crazy to jump you, Len," the sheriff said. "Ought to had sense enough to know you'd spread him around."

"Sure," Bassett agreed. "That's the way he acted. Crazy. Made me mad."

"Make anybody mad."

"Can't blame me for smackin' him, can you?"

"Not a mite," the sheriff admitted. He narrowed his eyes and chewed thoughtfully for a moment.

"I'LL make a dicker with you, Len," he offered at length. "Don't want to put you to any more trouble'n I have to. S'pose'n you just stay home here till tomorrow, or mebbe the day after, till I get a chance to talk to Jimmy an' see what he figures to do. I'll tell him your side o' the story an' he'll most likely be glad to leave the matter drop."

"Stay home!" Len exclaimed. "What's the idea in that?"

"The word's around more or less that you was the one beat Jimmy up," the sheriff explained. "Some o' his friends are liable to wonder why I don't bring you in, an' if you're seen around, why, that'll just start 'em naggin' at me. If Jimmy decides to swear out a warrant ag'in you for assault an' battery or somethin' like that, why, of course, I'll have to come out an' serve it on you."

"Guess my word's as good as his," Bassett sneered. "He jumped me, an' I defended myself."

"I'm just tryin' to make it easy for both of us," the sheriff explained mildly. "If Jimmy don't want to bring a charge ag'in you, that's the end o' the thing."

"All right," Bassett agreed. "I'd just as lief stay home, anyhow."

"May be up some time tomorrow," the sheriff called as the deputy see-sawed the car around preparatory to starting down the mountain.

"I'll be waitin' for you," Bassett called back.

At ten o'clock the next morning the sheriff and Morgan again drove up the mountain to the remote upland farm where Bassett dwelt alone. Len came forth in his shirt sleeves to greet them.

"Had a long talk with Jimmy this mornin', Len," the sheriff said.

Bassett's eyes narrowed. "How is he?" he asked.

The sheriff chuckled. "Kind o' disturbed around the whiskers, I reckon," he said. "His nose is busted, an' he's got a black eye that ought to be put into alcohol an' sent to a museum some place. Doggonedest shiner I ever see! You certainly can smack, Len!"

Bassett grinned. "What's he say?" he asked.

"He tells a little bit different story 'n you do, Len," the sheriff said. "He claims he was comin' home along the road from puttin' the cows out to pasture in that west eighty o' his an' that you laid for him an' jumped him."

A deep flush spread slowly over Bassett's hard face. His jaws set. The cords in his neck swelled.

"I did jump him," he declared savagely. "Long's he's only got a black eye an' a busted nose out of it, I don't care who knows it. I want folks to know it. I want 'em to know I don't set quiet an' do nothin' when a young squirt like Jim Blodgett moves into the neighborhood an' makes off with the gal I'm aimin' to marry. I lied to you yesterday 'cause when I seen you comin' I was scared maybe I'd overroughed him an' he'd gone an' died on me."

The sheriff nodded. "I kinda suspicioned that's about how it was," he said mildly. His right hand dropped to his hip and came away filled with a gun butt.

"Steady, Len!" he warned. "No monkey business. Jim Blodgett was deader 'n a mackerel when his wife went to look for him an' found him alongside the road. I figured it was you done it, but we might 'a' had a mess o' trouble provin' the truth, an' this county ain't got any money to waste payin' for long-drawn-out court squabbles over a skunk like you. All right, Dave. Cuff him up an' let's get goin'."

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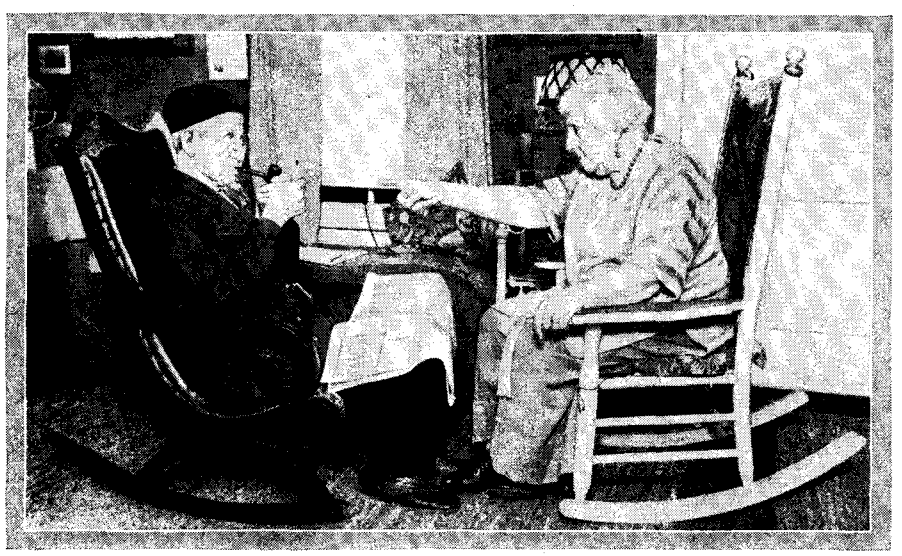
There's No Place like it



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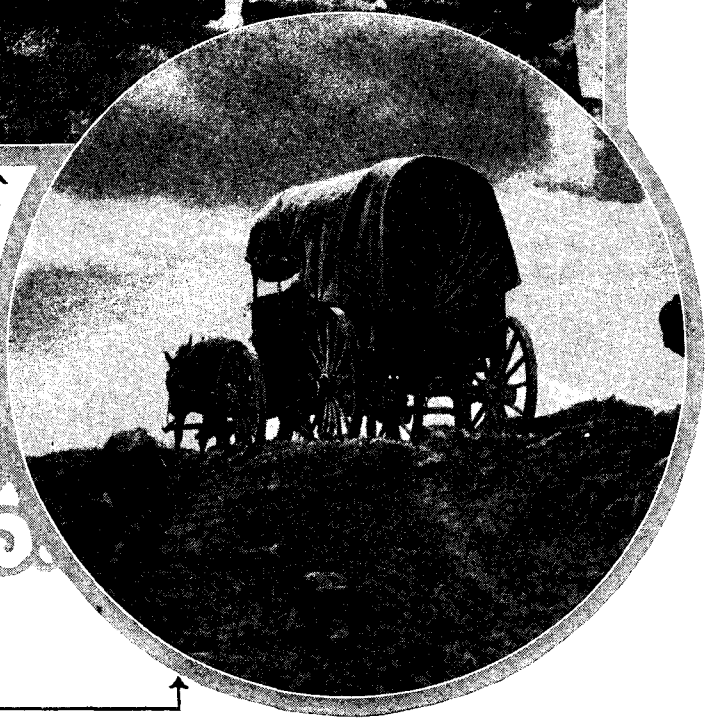

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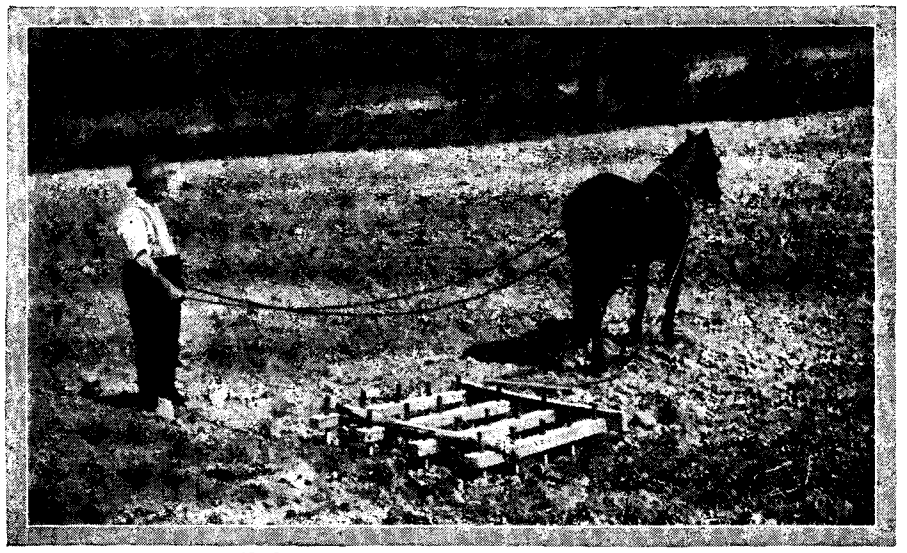
The initials of the words represented by the pictures on these pages spell, as you can see, Home. But can you fill out the rest of the words? The answers will be found on page 34



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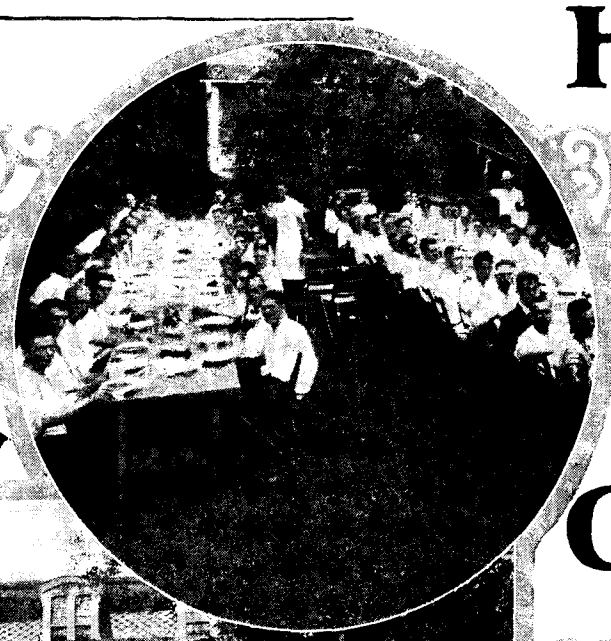

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The Valley Girl

Faith takes a

The Story Thus Far:

GAVIN COLE, a young engineer, and Wilgus Bett, his employer, are working on a land-development project in the Reginskill Valley in New Jersey against Jeff Christie, who claims to be working a similar plan—but Bett says that Christie is working for the water companies.

There is bitter war between the two camps although Cole is in love with Jeff's sister, Faith, though forbidden by Jeff to see her.

Gavin is taking a walk one Sunday when he sees coming down a track a runaway gondola car full of rock. He jumps up on the car, but, finding the brakes have been removed, he shoots his pistol to warn the people ahead, and drops to the ground while the car shoots into the pit at the end where Christie's men are working.

Gavin's warning had saved all their lives but Christie is convinced that Cole is to blame for this piece of sabotage as well as many others. Cole indignantly denies this. He is trying to renew his friendship with Faith when one of Christie's men takes a pot shot at him.

Both parties rush plans for damming, but Bett contrives a scheme to deflect the Reginskill River so that Christie will have no water. When Jeff finds this out he leads a gang to meet the blasters, and a free-for-all follows. A shot halts the fight, and then Cole is served with an injunction. The "battle royal" was merely a ruse to gain time for the law to take a hand. "But wait for the Main Bout of the Evening," says Cole.

SOME years earlier, during his first job with a construction gang, Gavin Cole had heard the Voice of Sublime Wisdom. It had issued raucously from the hairy throat of a red-headed and sour-souled chief engineer who was excoriating an alibi seeker among his subordinates. The chief had thundered:

"If ever you win out on some stunt I give you to do, I'll just love to sit here for hours and listen to your explanations on how you put it across. But when you *fail* out on a stunt I give you to do, just remember your explanations don't interest anybody but your own useless self."

Profiting by this memory, Gavin made no excuses to Bett for his failure to let the Reginskill River out through a gap in the shale bank before an injunction could put an end to the attempt.

Nor, when he entered Bett's presence in the Eagle Hotel, on his way back from the battle field, did he volunteer a syllable of explanation as to his own disreputable and bloody appearance. Curtly he reported that he had not finished the job and that several of the blasting gang were on their way to the camp hospital.

Then he made as though to leave the office, as Bett did not give immediate reply to his sub's report and as there seemed to Cole there was nothing more worth saying. His employer had sat back nonchalantly, listening. In the giant's broad face there was no shadow of displeasure or of chagrin at the failure.

PLACID, suave, monumental, Bett sat there. Not even the temple veins nor the scar on the chin, this time, registered any possible emotion. A faint hint of amused interest flickered in the corners of his lips.

But as Gavin turned to depart Wilgus broke into a laugh of very genuine merriment.

"Hold on there, boy!" he chuckled. "Don't be in such a hurry. You've made your report, and you've made it as not one man in ten would have done. I give you credit for that. Anyone else would have pulled a hard-luck yarn and given fifty-two fine reasons why the trick wasn't turned. But I want a run for my money. You say some of the men are hospital cases. *You* look as if you'd dressed from a ragbag. Your face is bumpier and in more colors than one of your own bas-relief maps. I've paid the piper. Now I'd like to hear the tune. Tinkle away."

Gavin accorded mute tribute to the overlord whose pet plan had just been wrecked and yet who could listen with boyish delight to the fight story which Cole narrated now for his benefit. This time there was no suave stoicism or dearth of comment from the listener. Bett broke in a score of times with excited queries and exclamations. He was as thrilled as a child at its first circus.

He made Cole repeat some parts of the saga over and over and made him amplify other sections of it. His big face alight, he was reveling in every phase of the recital.

Even when, toward its conclusion, Gavin braced himself to relate the needlessly insulting oration he had leveled against Christie and his subsequent comprehension of Jeff's acts and the apology proffered so vainly—even then Bett's face and manner lost none of his rich enjoyment.

Illustrated by HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

Having put his lieutenant out of commission, Faith was leveling the Roman candle at Gerritt himself at almost point-blank range

When the last retold and again retold items of the war story had died into silence, Wilgus Bett had a preoccupied look as if he were casting about in his mind for a question which might win him a repetition of all or part of the narrative. Then, giving up the effort, he declared loudly:

"That was worth the loss of the blasting and the tie-up it means for us. If I could have seen the gorgeous fight, itself, and maybe landed a few good smashes in it, that would have been worth my whole stake here. You field boys are the lucky ones. You're always where the fun is. I have to sit smugly in a silly swivel chair and miss all the ructions. Lord, but your hands are a sight. Just when they were beginning to get over the scraping you got on that gondola ride too. Go and wash up and then have Doc make some local repairs on your anatomy. Send me a bill for your clothes. They're pretty much divided up into small independent republics. I'll make a note to pay for that blasting gang's wrecked clothes and hand them a bonus. They've sure deserved it. Chase!"

"There's one thing," said Gavin, pausing at the threshold—"one thing I'd like to ask. Of course Christie and his crowd could go to prison for what

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hand in the battle, but the issue is still in doubt

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

Gerritt, the alert and resourceful little blast foreman, was taken wholly at a loss by the surprise attack

they did today. I—I ask you won't prosecute. They—"

"Say, son," put in Bett aggrievedly, "when did I do anything to make you think I was a born imbecile? D'you suppose I'm going to make martyrs of those folks? No, sir. It'd be worth a lot to Christie if I'd have him and his sluggers arrested. The case would go before a Preakness County jury of their own neighbors, anyhow. So that's all the good it'd do me. No, give it out that Mr. Bett is sorry for the poor simps who tried to bolster a losing game by rough work and that he won't make Christie's final smash-up any worse by jailing him. Give that out. It'll get to Jeff Christie's ears inside of a day. And it'll hurt him like vitriol in one of his own fight gashes."

So ended the great shale-bank battle, whose story has passed, with Homeric embellishments, into Reginskill Valley history. For days the curious of both sexes made wide-eyed and nudging pilgrimages to the battle field, gloating over blood smears, collecting torn bits of clothing and even knocked-out teeth as souvenirs.

To the camp-hospital shack, for drastic treatment, went several of Ham Gerritt's best blasters. Four of them stayed there for days. Nine of Jeff Christie's twenty-five battlers spent as long a time, or longer, in the Preakness County Hospital at Gusepple. Broken limbs laid up others for months.

Thanks to Wilgus Bett's dictum and to much local political pull on both sides, the law took no cognizance whatever of the affair. By some minor miracle none of the somewhat ghastly wounds proved mortal. Thus there was no urgent call for Jersey justice to intervene.

So far as Gavin Cole could determine, Bett was giving no further thought to his cherished plan to blast the shale and to send the Reginskill out of its old channel. He made no further reference to the frustrated hope on which he had banked so heavily. Again Cole gave mental homage to the man's greatness.

Once, meeting Ham Gerritt on the Regin Main Street, Cole made inquiries as to the hospital-held blasters; then went on to speak of the spoiled scheme. To his amused surprise, Gerritt reddened and fidgeted, presently making lame excuse to close the interview and to scurry away.

Gavin's eyes followed inquisitively the receding little foreman, whose simian body seemed to exude self-conscious uneasiness. Then he concluded that the other sub bosses had been teasing the little chap about the nonsuccess of the shale-bank project or about the initial flight of his supposedly fearless gang and that the subject had become a sore one with Ham.

Whereat Cole dismissed the theme from his own thoughts, only to have it recalled to them in decidedly startling fashion soon thereafter.

FAITH CHRISTIE was driving back home from the Gusepple railroad station in her little runabout. As a rule, Heather drove with her everywhere, sitting proudly on the seat beside her, vastly self-important and happy, as is the way of a motor-loving collie. Woe to the stranger who might approach overclose to the car at such times! Heather was the vehicle's self-constituted guard, eagerly savage in his protection of it and of his mistress.

But today Faith rode alone, having shut the indignant Heather in the house before she began her trip to the station. The cause of his home-staying was apparent as the girl started back from Gusepple. Every spare inch of the car unoccupied by her own slight figure was crowded with high-piled and bulky bundles.

Christie had hit on a scheme to hearten his men, among whom a certain brooding glumness had been vaguely noticeable ever since the disastrous fight at the shale bank.

True, Jeff won his point by dint of that battle and had averted the blasting which would have ruined his own fortunes. But not one of the Christie warriors had returned therefrom unmarked, and some of them were still soberly nursing their wounds in the Preakness County Hospital.

Moreover, some of the wildly affronting things shouted that day by Gavin Cole seeped back, with ornate amplifications, to the Christie camp, as did the fact that the hitherto worshiped chief had not replied to them nor defended himself against Cole's turgid accusations.

There was a visible if slight abatement in the gayly loyal zeal wherewith the laborers had tackled their summer's rush job. Men are not at their best when they work for a man in whose powers they are beginning to lose faith. A sudden depression pervaded the camp.

Christie was cut to the heart by his men's change of attitude toward him. Worse, he was worried at the almost imperceptible let-up in the zeal of their forced-draft toil.

So he ordained, for Labor Day night, a jollification at the camp, with sumptuous food and home-talent vaudeville and a singsong. Accompanying this was to be a display of fireworks. Ostensibly the celebration was in honor of the completion of the core wall. In reality it was to buck up the men and try to scatter their new gloom.

A few days before Labor Day Christie received telephoned word, while he was at luncheon, that the ordered consignment of fireworks had arrived at the Gusepple railroad station and that they could not be kept there overnight, as they came under the local ordinance governing inflammables.

It was a busy day at the dam and at the farm. No man could be spared to go across to Gusepple for them. Faith volunteered for the mission.

She drove homeward surrounded by the awkward and bulky consignment which the station agent had uncrated and then had packed into the car all around her and which she had some trouble in keeping from tumbling out.

One huge bundle of Roman candles had twice slipped from the seat beside her, tumbling down on the accelerator. A sheaf of rockets toppled dangerously toward a similar fall. It was not a peaceable nor a pleasant drive.

To shorten the uncomfortable trip, she turned off the main road into the byway which led toward the shale bank, planning there to enter the narrow grass-grown lane which went through the poplar plantation and almost directly to the Christie grounds.

THE runabout advanced with little noise along the byway. At a curve the river was in sight, with the upjutting table of shale alongside it. Faith favored the battle scene with a reminiscent shudder. Then she went as tense as a hunting dog on the point.

Two men were on their hands and knees at the bottom of the bank of shale. Alongside them glittered drills and the like. Two small boxes were beside the drills in front of a pile of freshly drilled shale. The men were at work filling a wide and deep hole with the contents of the boxes.

A few feet away a third and smaller man, squat and sinewy as a monkey, was directing proceedings. Short as he was, he stooped low. His body, like the bodies of the two men he directed, was hidden from view of anyone passing along the state or county highroad or strolling through the fields or along the river. Only from this one point of vantage on the curve of the byway could they be seen with any certainty.

How long the men had been working there, stealthily and fast, drilling wider and deeper the most important of the former blast holes, there was no way for Faith to guess. Yet, from the nature of their present task, the job seemed well-nigh done.

The hole evidently was deep enough and wide enough to contain sufficient explosives to blow the shale bank high in air and to let the river in through the gap to the broad lowlands and gully waiting to receive it.

Even as Faith stared, fascinated, the two men suddenly arose from the filling of the hole and began to tamp their charge. While they worked, the apelike foreman advanced with a length of something that looked like a siphon tube.

During the past months of watching the blasts at her brother's dam and at the quarry Faith had learned to recognize such an object as the snakelike thing which Gerritt was preparing to affix to the opening his men had left in the tamp.

She knew it vaguely for a "sputter fuse"—a line of fuse inclosed in a length of rubber to guard it from dampness and from other outside action while it is at work.

For a moment the girl sat aghast, motionless. Well did she understand what was going on. Her brother's injunctions had tied Bett hand and foot from tampering further with the wall of shale which kept the river to its course at that spot. Officially Bett could do nothing.

Yet if the shale were blasted away, by persons unknown and undetected at their lawless task, Wilgus doubtless would be clever enough to dodge legal responsibility or penalty for the deed, even while he profited inestimably by it.

Nor, without eternal legal proceedings, could he be forced to put back in place the shattered natural barrier, or rather an artificial barrier which should serve to keep the river within its age-old bounds.

THE trick was clever and well worthy of the man who had ordained it. Nobody save Faith herself could prove that the blast had not been the work of some of the irresponsibly malicious toughs who had poured into the valley on the heels of the labor gangs.

Yet no amateur could have handled the secret task with the science and speed these two men and their foreman were showing. Faith knew that. Also she knew that long before she could get to the nearest telephone in her none-too-rapid little car the explosion must come and the gap be rent through the shale.

(*Continued on page 36*)

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Welcome Home

Tom and Barbara steal out into the night bound for points north

By ALICE DUER MILLER

Illustrated by JULES GOTLIEB

He seemed to be wounded out of all proportion

The Story Thus Far:

TOM BENTHAM, a young newspaper man, comes home from South America, walks into his supposedly empty house and finds a beautiful young girl in his bed.

After some difficulty he finds out that the girl is wanted in a perjury case and Robinson, her lawyer, who happens to have been Bentham's father's lawyer, has hidden her in Tom's house.

Tom falls in love with Barbara though she hates men. He keeps his feelings from her, and champions her cause. Her sister has won a divorce from Ira Carson through a lie told by Barbara. And Ira has a letter proving the lie. Tom's paper asks him to interview Carson. He does this, secures a copy of the fateful letter and promises to hunt for Barbara.

Tom is looking forward to a long pleasant Sunday with Barbara but they quarrel about Edna, the girl Tom claims to be in love with.

Next day Tom interviews Carson and goes to his paper, where the city editor tells him he has word of where Barbara is—in Canada—and wants Tom to start up there by automobile.

Next morning at breakfast, just as Barbara has sunk her teeth into the biggest peach, the doorbell rings.

BARBARA took the peach away from her lips. "At last," she said.

"What do you mean . . . at last?"

"Don't you know who that is? It's Edna. At last she and I are going to meet."

He did not answer. He was afraid it was Smith, and that, he said to himself, was not so good either. His distress was evident in his face, for Barbara went on: "I always told you you were afraid of her. You wouldn't dare let her come up and see those two breakfast trays, and *me*."

Mrs. Huggins' footsteps could be heard on the basement stairs, and as Tom was still silent Barbara went on: "I give you warning, I shall make a scene too. If she objects to my presence, I shall throw my arms about your neck and declare that you are all mine."

He looked at her and smiled. For the first time he wished that Edna were real flesh and blood and waiting on the doorstep.

The front door opened, letting in not only the roar of the outside world but a genial, masculine voice saying: "Is Mr. Bentham at home? Can I see him? Shall I go up?"

"Great heavens! It's Ira," said Barbara, and she grasped Tom's arm so hard that the tips of her pointed fingers dug painfully into the muscles of his forearm.

"You will not—you'll wait in here, if you please," said Mrs. Huggins, "and I'll go and see if he's in or not."

"He knows I'm here," whispered Barbara with her lips close to Tom's inclined ear.

"I'm not sure."

Mrs. Huggins was coming up the stairs, filling the whole area as she came. Tom put his hand over Barbara's casually as if unaware of what he was doing. "I won't let him come up," he said.

She whispered: "Be sure to speak loud so that I can hear. . . ." Whispering is a delightful method of communicating ideas.

He went down and met Ira standing at the door of the darkened drawing-room. Carson, who was accustomed to being almost too warmly welcomed by those whom he took the trouble to visit, found himself, rather to his surprise, apologizing:

"Forgive my bursting in on you like this, Bentham. I got your address from the paper. The truth is, I have a favor to ask of you."

"A favor?" repeated Tom, in a tone that was not rude or civil—or anything at all but cool and clear.

HIS eyes were fixed on Ira, trying to determine whether or not he suspected the presence of that figure, listening, just above their heads—a figure of which Tom was so acutely aware that he seemed to see her before him.

As Bentham grew colder Carson became more and more ingratiating. "It's this," he said. "I had an appointment to meet my wife—my former wife, Mrs. Deane Carson, as I understand she now calls herself—at the house of her lawyer: some final business details. But this man, this fellow Robinson—her lawyer's name is Robinson—has, it appears, met with some kind of an accident."

"Indeed?" said Tom.

"Yes, it seems he cannot be in town today. I should be sorry to postpone the interview, and—what is stranger still—Mrs. Carson appears for once to be eager to see me. She says she will come to my house if I will guarantee the presence of a third person. I thought of you at once, Bentham. I had a special reason for thinking of you."

"What is your reason?"

"Well, I've taken a great fancy to you, Bentham."

"A fancy," said Tom, as if that were something he did not permit everyone to take.

"But that's not all," Carson continued. "The truth is my wife has worked herself up into a great state of anxiety about that sister of hers. . . . You remember I told you about the sister. . . ."

"I remember there is such a person."

"Oh, yes, you remember about her. . . . I told you . . . a poisonous nature. It seems my wife has been under the impression all this time that her sister was staying with some friends on the St. Lawrence, but now she discovers the girl isn't there at all. . . ."

"Not really?" said Tom.

"I could have told her that she never had been there. (*Continued on page 28*)

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"Nuthin' I Like!"

HUNGRILY and expectantly he had gone to dinner. "Nuthin'" he liked—just things which "were good for him". String beans—he wouldn't eat them. Time had come for discipline. When told that he was to have none of a favorite dessert, he gave in. Smiling thro' his tears after the first few mouthfuls, he said, "I didn't know it, but I was liking string beans all the time."

* * *

PERHAPS in your own home there is a small child who is finicky about his food. But you insist upon his having plenty of milk, cereals, vegetables and the other foods he requires, for you know that the growth of his body and his health depend upon the "building" foods he eats.

But how about yourself? Have you dropped into the habit of ordering what you like without regard to the foods you need to build and repair your body and to keep it in the best possible condition of health? And do you know how much food you require, or how little?

After hard physical labor or vigorous exercise a man needs more food to meet his energy requirements. The man who uses his muscles but little and works with his brain needs less food, or "fuel", for his human engine.

Diet is literally a separate problem for each individual. The "overweight" is usually too fond of starchy, sugary and fatty foods and disinclined to eat vegetables and fruits, while the "underweight" often neglects the fattening foods he needs. Appetite is not always a reliable guide to correct eating.

If you are blessed with good health and good digestion, take time to find out what constitutes a properly balanced day to day diet for a person of your age—how much meat, fish, cheese and milk you require, how many sweet foods, and most important of all—how many vegetables. Don't forget the string beans or the tomato, King of the Vitamins. Raw salads, fruit, butter, cream and nuts are important parts of the regular food supply when taken in correct amounts. And six to eight glasses of water daily, please—mainly between meals.

It is worth remembering that, through a well-balanced ration, you can keep in good condition every part of your body—muscles, bones, vital organs, nerves, eyes, teeth and even hair.

Incorrect diet is responsible for a vast number of ailments and lack of strength and vigor. It is estimated that three calls out of ten in doctors' offices are caused by faulty diet—errors that may be easily corrected. If you wish to have better health and probably longer life, apply the new knowledge of food and nutrition, gained for you through the chemical research of recent years. It is really amazingly interesting to discover what each particular food contributes to the body—to know just what to eat if you wish to reduce your weight, or increase your weight, or keep it normal—to know what your body needs when you feel that your energy is low.

For more enjoyment in eating and for better health from eating, learn what to eat.

Because our daily food needs are little understood by most persons, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has prepared a booklet, "The Family Food Supply", which tells what to buy and how, and includes diet and marketing helps for the housewife.

The best food is not always the most expensive, and the most expensive is oftentimes far from the best. The least costly foods can often be prepared in such a way as to give more nourishment and more taste-satisfaction than those which are extravagant in price.

By means of this booklet, the modern housekeeper can easily find out which foods her family requires. She will learn which foods are needed by a man who does heavy physical labor, which are necessary for the office-worker, which for herself and which for the growing child.

"The Family Food Supply" tells how to buy economically and should be used in connection with the "Metropolitan Cook Book". A copy of either, or both, will be mailed, free, upon your request.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

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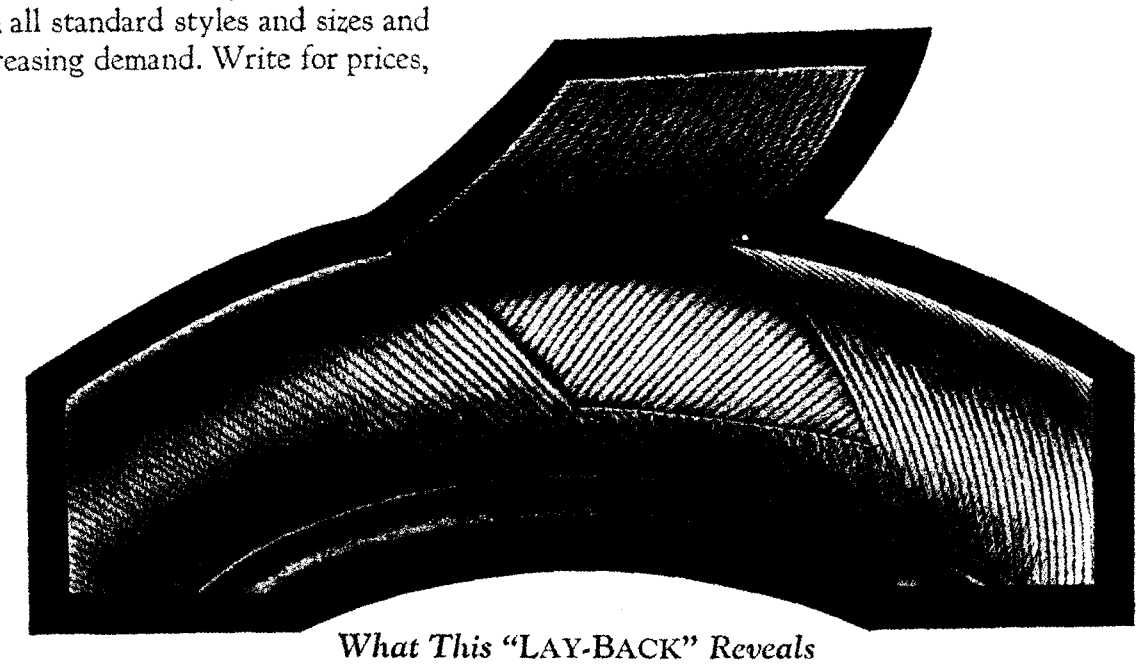

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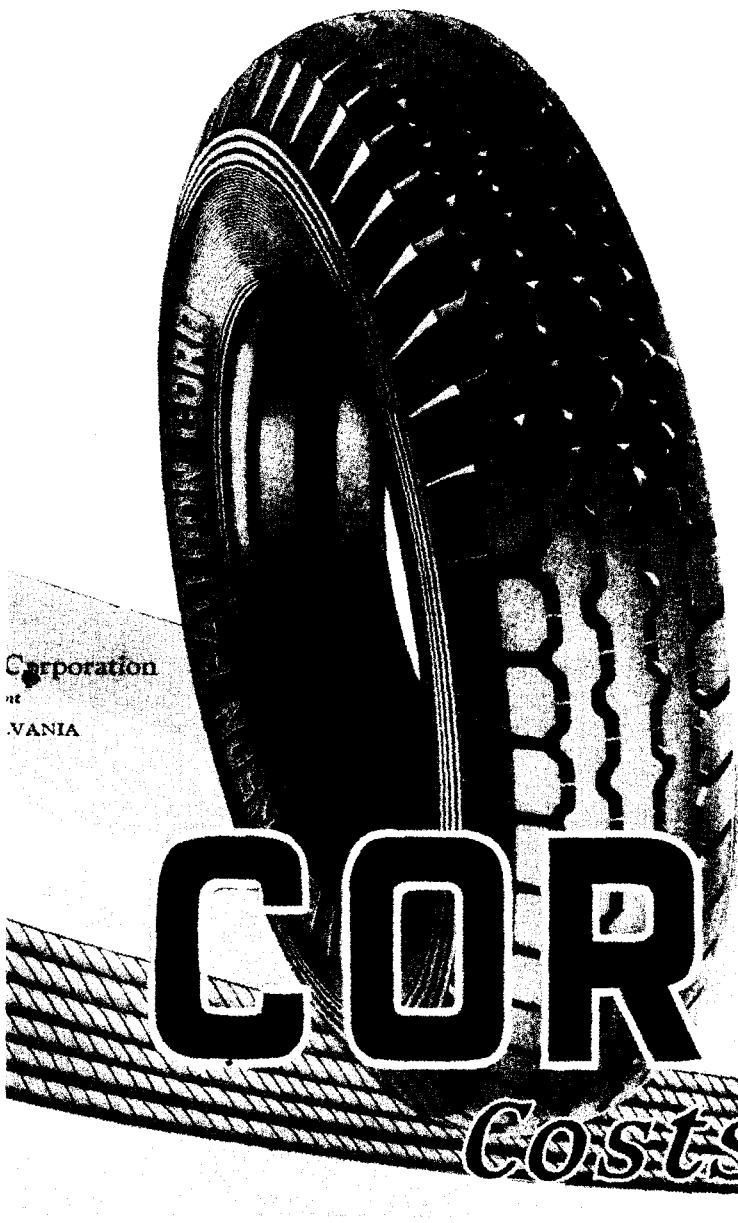

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Costs Less to Use

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Plug Uglies

Turn your water bucket upside down and have a seat. Here's some inside paddock chatter

Borrow, great runner and faker, never forgave his trainer (below) for outwitting him

C. C. Cook

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Jimmy Rowe solved the Borrow mystery

Wide World

"GENERALLY speaking," said Scipio Hogan, "a horse has just about as much sense as the folks he has to live with. Of course if he's just crazy that's another thing, but generally speaking the horse and his folks match up.

"If a horse is crazy or crooked or a killer—well, that's something else. His folks can't do much about it. There was Infilade, for instance. Fine chunk, but crooked. Born crooked. Good example didn't do any good. See? Jock Scott was another."

Scipio Hogan thereupon talked horse sense and non-sense for an hour or so, and you may depend upon it that Mr. Hogan knows his subject. He was actually born in a stable—the great Lamberne stables where his mother was cook and his father the trainer of such beauties as Lamberne Pomp, whose trophies hide a twenty-foot wall, and Silk of Lamberne, for whom Edward VII is said to have offered twenty thousand pounds.

Infilade was a great racing mare. She might have made important turf history had she been an honest woman; but she was a thief and, as everybody knows, thieves cannot win. Not consistently, anyway.

Charles Schwartz owned her at her best and worst. She was French bred, a flash of satin and steel, and hers was that guileless demeanor which disarms the cynic. Johnny Hastings was her trainer, and she came nigh to breaking Johnny's heart.

The deceit in her heart manifested itself soon after her track career began. It was an auspicious beginning, too—so auspicious that wise tracksters predicted records and championships for Infilade. She turned in several wins breezing and three or four more under wraps in a fast field. And then—

She began by ignoring half her feed. Presently she refused to touch a mouthful of what was set before her. They dosed her with tonics and faced her with veterinarians, but the fancy oats they offered her were scorned.

They tried outwitting her by putting a pony in her stall. Now and then thoroughbreds get lonesome and company cheers them back to health. They filled her feed box with California hay and timothy and superlative oats. Scipio Hogan describes those oats as "hand-picked and too expensive for humans."

A Murderer's Weak Spot

THEY'D fill the pony's feed box too, but with less expensive victuals, and then they'd steal away, hoping for the best.

Soon they'd hear the pony nickering complainingly and investigation would show that its feed box would be quite empty but Infilade's untouched. They would throw a little more to the pony, hoping his healthy example would stimulate Infilade to eat. But the expensive viands at her velvet muzzle remained untouched.

The pony, for all his appetite, grew thin and wabbly. Infilade, who should have been starved to collapsing, had picked up and was taking nicely to training. She won a race going away. Then the inevitable truth came out. Spies set to watch her verified it. She would eat the pony's feed but not her own. The pony was too small to get to Infilade's feed box.

"She never did eat her own food after that," said Hastings. "We would have to fill her feed box, however. We cut a hole in the side of her stall nearest the feed box of her neighbor, and she'd eat her neighbor's dinner but not her own. And she wouldn't eat her neighbor's unless her own dinner was there for her to ignore. There are plenty like her in the world—and they ain't all horses."

But in the end her dishonesty was her downfall. Men grew tired of pampering her. . . .

Jock Scott was a murderer at heart. Morty Murphy owned and trained the big brute and frequently did it at the risk of his life. Jock Scott was afraid of nothing in this world except Chief, Murphy's big mongrel dog, and Chief was just a little more of a killer than Jock, having reduced three dogs to carcasses. Jock Scott had that respect for Chief that the gunman has for his quicker-fingered leader.

There were other dogs around the stables, not that Jock Scott noticed them. In fact, he used to chase them, and they fled tails down. Chief never ran, and Jock Scott stopped when Chief faced him. A snarl from the dog and the horse was quiet.

To get Jock Scott to the track it was occasionally necessary to blindfold him and rig him with heavy iron chains. Anyone trying to take Jock Scott by the bridle would have invited gory disaster. Once on the track, Jock Scott could run. The jockey was taking a chance, but the horse could travel.

Thus he was led to the paddock one day at Aqueduct. He was able to see a little, and that little, that day, included Murphy standing near a stall door. Jock Scott reared, snatched free from his attendants, and with a scream made for Murphy. He rushed his owner into the stall, butted him up against an iron stanchion, and there Murphy lay, stunned. Had Jock Scott been a little more deliberate, he might have killed Murphy, but the horse was frenzied, overanxious. He made several snatches at his owner's head, none of which were effective.

And then Chief arrived.

Chief leaped at Jock Scott's nose. The horse backed. Chief leaped again. This time he sank his teeth in the soft muzzle, and there he hung with Jock Scott, crazy with pain and terror, swinging him from side to side trying to smash him against the stall. Chief hung on until Murphy could scramble clear.

Then Chief let go, and Jock Scott ran. Chief dived at the horse's legs, missing by small fractions of an inch being kicked to death. But Jock Scott kept on running. Almost a mile away Chief let up, and Jock Scott, frightened into submission, suffered mere stable hands to lead him back to the stable.

Lazybones Takes Revenge

ALMOST any trainer can tell you yarns of mean horses. There was Captain John, for example. Dream of the Valley had his treacherous moments. Sport, owned by Jacob Ruppert, father of the proprietor of the New York Yankees, had the stable terrorized. Jim Fitzsimmons had a horse called King Idol which was a sharpshooter with his hind feet. He seldom missed his target. Twenty years ago Walter House owned a murderer—Bashaw, Jr., which killed two men.

Captain John was usually gentle enough, but had that quality which makes men dangerous when crowded too hard. He would work just so much and no more. He would run just so long and no longer. Urged on, he became cranky and, pushed further, treacherous.

The Finn. Oaths were his best tonic

C. C. Cook

One morning he objected to the workout necessary to a thoroughbred in training. He submitted with poor grace to the saddle, and by the use of the twitch and whip his trainer forced him to keep his feet long enough for the exercise boy to mount. He had to be beaten to the track, where, as if realizing further immediate resistance idle, he began to run.

Apparently he decided that, inasmuch as he had to run, he might as well get it done in a hurry. He was covering ground faster than his owners had ever seen him travel. He came breezing into the stretch. The track was clean except for a squad of men scraping the outer edge at the three-quarter pole. Captain John fled past the men and their tools without losing (*Continued on page 33*)

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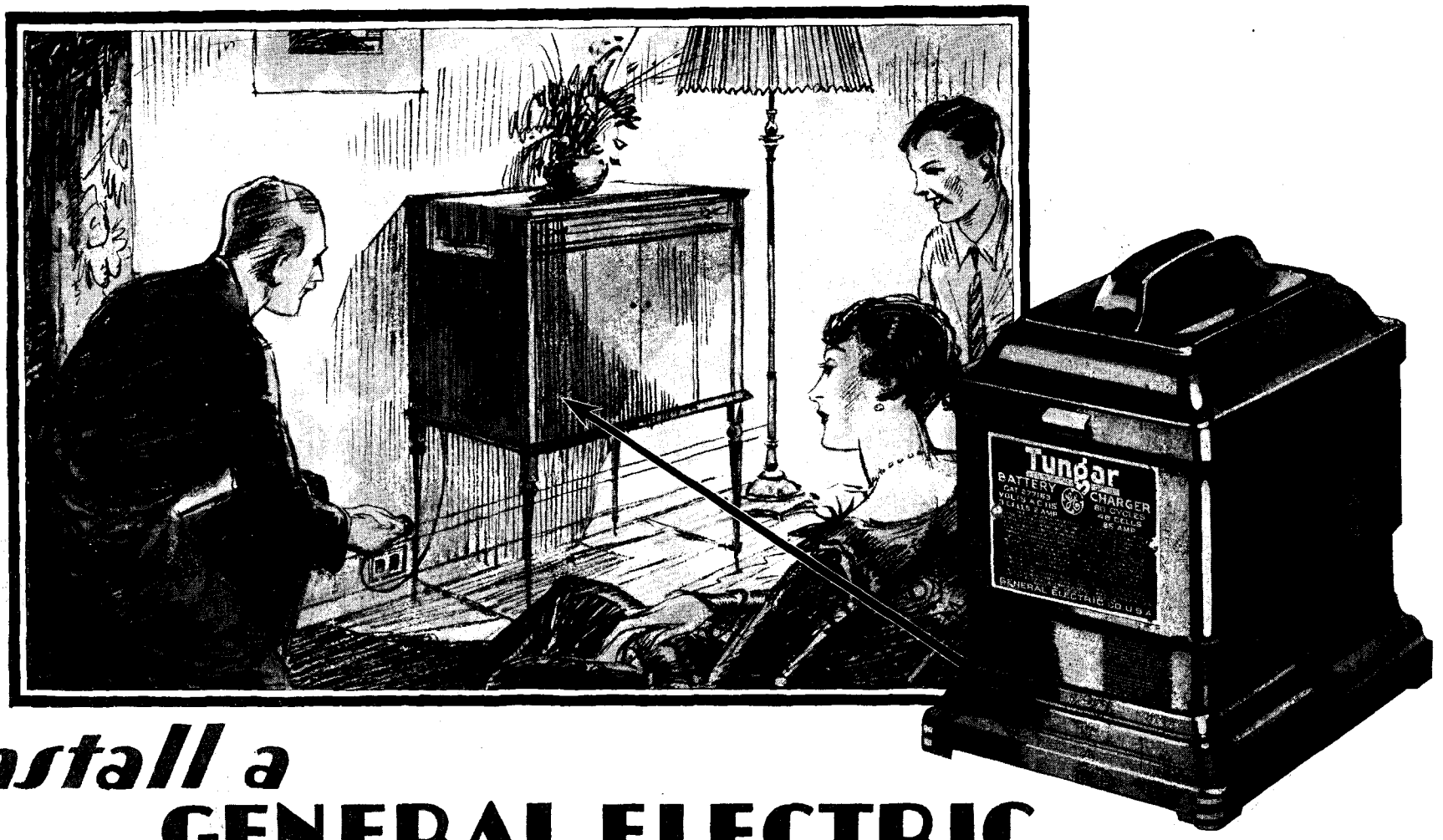

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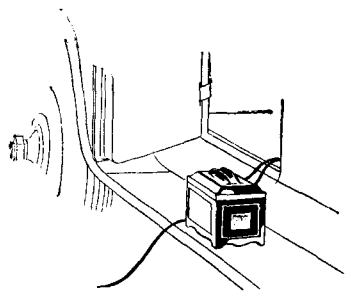

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Welcome Home

Continued from page 22

Well, it will seem amusing to you, Bentham, but Mrs. Carson is convinced that I know where the girl is. She won't believe me when I say I don't. She is in an extremely excited state of mind."

"She loves her sister very deeply, I suppose," said Tom.

"Presumably, presumably," answered Carson, "although how she can is more than I can understand. But the point is that Mrs. Carson—still, I fear, under the influence of this poor twisted mentality—has persuaded herself that I am to blame for the girl's disappearance. Upon my word, Bentham, I hardly like to say it, but I'm not sure she hasn't persuaded herself that I have murdered the girl. . . ."

"I'm not a flatterer," said Tom, "but I would be willing to guarantee that you have not done that."

Carson's face lit up with simple human gratitude. "I felt sure you would say that."

Tom glanced upward. "How could you be so sure?" he asked.

"Why, don't you remember," returned Ira. "The reward. . . . You are the only person in the world who knows I was ready to offer—in fact I did offer you . . . twenty-five thousand dollars to find the girl. A man does not offer a reward to start everyone searching for a girl he has murdered."

"It wouldn't be such a bad idea either," said Tom.

Ira ignored this. "I want you to come with me now . . . and see my wife—my former wife—and tell her this."

Willing—eager even—to please his unseen listener, Tom answered in his softest tone: "But I don't understand, Mr. Carson, why a woman who has been your wife five years should need the word of an outsider to assure her you have not committed a dastardly crime."

Instantly Carson contrived to look like a man worn by all the cruel injustices of life: "Isn't it strange, Bentham, inexplicable, how the minds of women work—their emotions rather? But now you see why I want you to go with me—a dispassionate third person who will make her see how distorted and unreal her attitude is. Of course I might have taken Smith or Bishop Boardman, but I have decided that you would be best of all, because you heard me offer that reward."

"I will go," said Tom. "I will testify that you did offer me a reward."

Carson beamed genially at him. "I knew I could depend on you to do the generous thing," he said, "and I may add that no one has obliged Ira Carson without—"

"I'll get my hat," said Bentham, and ran upstairs.

He thought he knew exactly how she would be standing—and there she was. The presence of Ira in the lower hall necessitated their standing very close to each other and speaking with the merest movements of lips.

"Make her know that I am safe," she articulated.

"Without betraying your hiding place."

"If necessary to her peace of mind—"

"No," he said.

As he turned away she gave him her hand.

CARSON'S town car, upholstered in the palest shade of café-au-lait—coffee with too much milk, Tom thought—was waiting, and as the two men sat down, the cushions gave a faint, restive sigh. They moved forward with no more jarring than a ship on a quiet sea. Carson sat erect—as erect as possible under the low top—with his hands clasped on his stick, raising one or the other in salutations to the more important of the traffic policemen.

At the front door the butler, waiting for their arrival, murmured: "Mrs. Deane Carson is already here, sir." He received Carson's priceless panama and stick as if he were a high priest receiving the insignia of office, and Tom's old gray felt as if he were a conductor taking up a five-cent fare. Then he led them up to the little bookroom.

So this was Adele—Adele whom never in this world would Tom be able to think of under any more formal title. No, he would not have known that they were sisters—a sweet, timid creature with enormous, mournful, brown eyes. . . . Ah, the voice! Yes, there was something reminiscent in the voice, as she said:

"Really, Ira, I should think you might have done me the courtesy of being on time." But it was not a bold criticism, it was a complaint, and set Ira at his ease at once.

"Very sorry, Adele. Not my fault. You wanted a responsible third person. I went to get this gentleman—Mr. Bentham of the Standard—a friend of mine."

The brown eyes engulfed him for an instant, but he evidently excited no interest. She was aware of no one but Carson.

"Where is my sister?" she asked, addressing the wrong man.

"I don't know, Adele. I keep telling you, I don't know. I wish I did. . . . I wish it so much that I have offered Mr. Bentham a reward of twenty-five thousand to find her."

For an instant the brown eyes softened. "Oh, Ira," she cried, melting with gratitude, and then, painful memories coming to her, she demanded sternly, "Why did you?"

Carson was an artist at telling the truth when there was nothing else to tell. He opened his heart in a great, spontaneous burst of candor. "I'll tell you," he said; "I'll tell you exactly. I propose that your sister shall tell the world that she lied on the stand. I intend to be vindicated. I've been a victim long enough, and if she refuses to make public retraction of her testimony, by heavens, I intend to have her indicted for perjury."

Mrs. Carson laughed scornfully.

"I knew it," she answered. "I knew you were not doing a generous action to help me in my anxiety without a sinister purpose of your own."

"That," cried Ira, "is a most unjust statement of the case. . . . Why should I bear slander in silence? Oh, Adele, how could you lend yourself to that dirty plot against me—you, my wife? I was not surprised that Barbara should lie on the witness stand—I have no illusions about that young woman—but that you . . ."

"It was not a lie, and you know it, Ira."

"I have a letter written to you. . . ."

"It's that letter that's a lie. . . . Barbara was trying to spare my feelings in those days. You and that woman—"

"I deny it," said Ira. "Appearances were against me in some instances, but I deny that I was anything but absolutely loyal to you in spirit, Adele."

The doctrine of loyalty in spirit, which seemed to Tom a rather weak defense, was not instantly repudiated by Mrs. Carson.

"It's too late to discuss all that, Ira," she answered. "I have come to find out about Barbara. If you will not tell me where she is—"

"I cannot tell you what I don't know."

"You always used to be able to find out anything you really wanted to."

"You have always been unjust to me, Adele."

"Unjust. . . . I? The whole trouble is I thought too well of you too long."

"I never observed that failing in you."

"Oh, Ira, when I used to worship the ground you walked on."

"You early abandoned that folly. . . ."

"You threw it away—the best I had to offer you—you despised it . . . and me."

So Tom came to witness another example of that phenomenon which the unmarried, however intelligent, can never really understand—the indestructible nature of the bond which unites people who have once loved each other and been married. Divorce is a legal, not an emotional state, and as the wedding ceremony is not always potent enough to unite people, so a writ of divorce is not always able to separate them.

Here from Tom's point of view were two people—the man already middle-aged, the woman no longer in her first youth—who ought to be glad to put the whole ugly matter behind them and settle down into a quiet life. Here they were passionately opening the whole question all over again.

THEY forgot Tom's existence. As he sat listening to them he thought what a pity it was that Barbara had forbidden him to steal the letter, for he might have conducted a quiet search of the premises without attracting the least notice, so absorbed were they in their argument. He thought of his own quarrel with Barbara . . . yes, there were certain ways of quarreling which indicated love . . . and this seemed to him to be one of them. Good heavens, if that were so, who could get the letter as surely as Adele? . . .

At the moment nothing but the bitterest reproaches were passing to and fro. All right, Tom thought, let them get it all off their chests for once.

"Did you or did you not lie to me?"

"I did, I own I did, but I loved you, Adele. . . ."

"Nonsense, you don't lie to a person you love. . . ."

"Remember I was dealing with two people—you and that sister of yours. Tell me this: did she or did she not advise you against marrying me?"

"Yes, and I wish to heaven I had listened to her. . . ."

"Oh, Adele—that is cruel—that is a terrible thing to say. . . ." He seemed to be wounded out of all proportion. He sank on the sofa and buried his head in his hands. Mrs. Deane Carson looked alarmed at the effect of her words . . . there was a pause. She said timidly:

"Surely, Ira, it would have been better for both of us if we had never—"

"Not for me, not for me—the happiest years of my life—the only happy years. . . ."

"*Happy!* Then why did you throw it all away?"

"I could not fight against the odds—the constant influence of that bitter, envious woman."

This time she did not protest. "Where is she?"

"I tell you I would give twenty-five thousand dollars to find out."

"You say so, but you don't do it."

"All right, I'll telephone Smith now. Only, you know that if she is found the district attorney will indict her."

"I know he will do exactly what you tell him to do."

"What nonsense, Adele!" Still he smiled, as if, perhaps, she wasn't entirely wrong in thinking he had some influence.

Tom rose to his feet. "While you are telephoning Smith," he said, "I should like to speak to Mrs. Carson alone."

Carson agreed at once. "Tell her how unjust she has been," he said, and left the room.

She turned her pathetic eyes upon Tom. "Would he really do such a dreadful thing? My poor sister! Ah, Mr. Bentham, if you knew her—the grandest person. You must not believe what Ira says of her. She can be cold and hard to outsiders, but to the people she really loves—and there are not many of them—she is so kind, so really tender. . . . But I mustn't bore you about her. . . ."

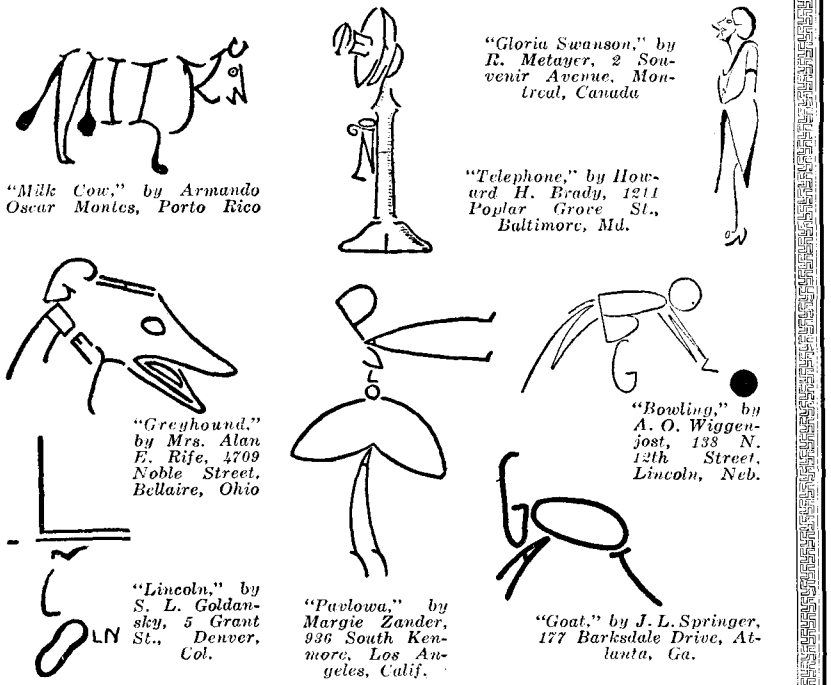
"You don't bore me," he answered, and he looked at her with a gentleness she did not understand. She felt strangely drawn to this young man. He seemed to understand her.

"Tell me what I ought to do," she said impulsively.

"Let him offer his reward," answered Tom, "and then make him give you the

(*Continued on page 30*)

NAMEOGRAPHS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[Every statement verified by high Medical Authority]

Good News for the "Under Par"

THEY were going in to dinner, Louise was talking animatedly to Jim and he seemed amused. Wally was plainly neglecting Estelle in an endeavor to hear what Louise was saying. That was the trouble with Estelle. She was as good-looking as Louise, but seemed to lack vitality—just didn't make an effort to be entertaining and, *therefore, did not attract the men.*

Those who, while not always ill, are never really well, are being offered a new opportunity to enjoy a fuller measure of life's success and fun through the Medical Profession's latest method of treating many of our everyday disorders. Let your doctor tell you more about it.

A VITALITY that is even slightly lowered; little ills; being at all conscious that you actually "have a body"; any difficulty in losing yourself completely in your work or play or social contacts—all these are causes of thousands of half successes made by people who feel that they are capable of much more.

Such persons are chronically under par, not always being aware of the fact.

* * * * *

THE Medical Profession is coming to a new conclusion with regard to this condition. "Acidosis" is the word on almost every modern doctor's tongue.

According to the authorities, nearly half the people who are suffering from "low vitality" and other ordinary ailments, are afflicted with it in varying degree. It keeps the body nagging at the brain. Clear thinking, profitable concentration, sustained effort and an attractive, natural personality are made difficult by it.

It is one of the most frequent causes of headache, "biliousness" and sour stomach.

Constipation, indigestion, nervousness and sleeplessness are often closely linked with it. It is present with each common cold. Persons who have been reducing in wrong ways are almost always subject to it. "Acid mouth," the tooth destroyer, is one of its results. Pyorrhea cannot be successfully combatted until Acidosis is controlled.

Recent experience indicates that the treatment of it, as one of the most frequent contributing factors, is having more effect in the correction of "high blood pressure" than any other method known. It must be subdued in every case of diabetes before these patients show very much improvement.

So Acidosis seems to be an underlying factor, or a beginning, or result, or complication of many of our common and some of our most serious and dangerous ills.

"Behind it," doctors say, "is our American diet"—lack of proper balance between the alkaline-reaction foods (vegetables, fruits and milk) and the acid-forming (cereals, bread, fish, meat and eggs).

One of the most interesting facts in this connection is the so-called "Orange-Lemon Paradox." Oranges and lemons, although *acid in taste*, are two of the most potent correctives of Acidosis that the Medical Profession knows.

While some people still refer to them as "acid fruits," Science has demonstrated in thousands of tests that their effect in the body is *alkaline*, the opposite of acid.

Three full glasses of refreshing, luscious orange juice per day; the same quantities of lemon juice and water, as delicious sweetened or unsweetened lemonade; the frequent use of fresh, dainty orange salads and desserts (in which other fruits are included also if desired) with zestful lemon juice in place of vinegar in the salad dressing—all these are simple and attractive anti-acidosis measures that any home can follow easily.

However, if your case is in any way abnormal, *do not try to treat yourself.* See your physician. He will best determine what your type of Acidosis is.

To you who are not definitely ill, we will send a free book, "Telling Fortunes With Foods," with important chapter on Safe Reducing approved by an authority on diet, complete lists of acid-forming and alkaline-reaction foods used daily in the home, and ideal menus for both normalizing and reducing. Mail coupon below for your free copy. Clip it now before you turn the page.

* * * * *

Sunkist (California) Oranges and Lemons, are by chemical analysis, exceptionally rich in the soluble solids that give these fruits their beneficial qualities. Sunkist Oranges and Lemons are selected for the general public and the Medical Profession according to standards that insure superiority, so always ask for them by name. The trade-mark "Sunkist" appears on the skin and on the wrapper of oranges; on the wrapper of lemons.

DIETETIC RESEARCH DEPT.
California Fruit Growers Exchange,
Div. 1601, Box 530, Station "C," Los Angeles, California.

Please send me without charge, a copy of your book, "Telling Fortunes With Foods," explaining Acidosis in more detail and including Important Chapter on Safe Reducing, together with Safe Reducing and normal anti-acidosis *diet menus.*

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

ACIDOSIS Symptoms

The following are some of the common symptoms of Acidosis:

Headache	Acid Perspiration (*the most frequent cause of body odors*)
Sour Stomach	
"Biliousness"	
Nausea	Acid Mouth (*the tooth destroyer*)
Children's "Upset Stomach"	
Nervousness	Acetone Urea (*with unpleasant breath odor*)
Sleeplessness	
High Blood Pressure	Acid Urine

Coma, in both diabetic and non-diabetic cases.

Of course, not every case of headache, "biliousness," nervousness, etc., is due to Acidosis, although it is one of the most frequent causes of these ailments. Women and men desiring to reduce must be doubly careful to avoid Acidosis. There are special diets for them that doctors can recommend which will prevent Acidosis while safely reducing weight.

If you feel "under par," send at once for a free copy of our book, "Telling Fortunes With Foods." If your case is in any way abnormal, consult your physician.

"The Orange-Lemon Paradox"

Although referred to frequently as "acid fruits," a fact well known to Science is that oranges and lemons have an *alkaline* reaction in the body, and thus actually function to *correct* Acidosis rather than aggravate it, as thousands once mistakenly supposed. Persons who wish to prevent or offset Acidosis should use oranges and lemons freely. Ask your doctor. He will verify this truth.

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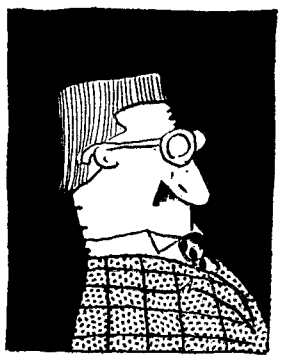


McGoofey's *First* Reader

By H. I. PHILLIPS

Illustrated by the author

Who is this? *This is Sidney.*

Who is Sidney? *Sidney is one of the best-known financial writers in the country.*

Lesson II

This is Sidney again.

What is Sidney doing? *Sidney is writing one of his daily feature articles syndicated to over 300 newspapers and read by o-my-gosh-I-don't-know-how-many people.*

What is the name of Sidney's feature? *"Common Sense in Matters of the Pocketbook" or sumpin.*

What is the keynote of today's article? *The keynote of today's article is "Don't speculate! Remember, you can't get something for nothing! Safety of investment is more important than big returns."*

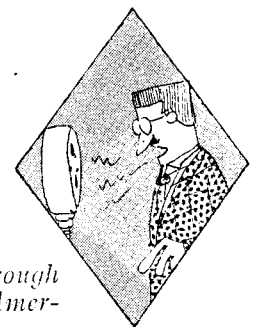
Lesson III

What is this? *This is a kind of five-foot shelf of books.*

Who is the author? *Sidney is the author.*

What are the titles of the books? *"Husbanding That Income," "The Folly of Chance Taking," "Thrift" (in three volumes), "Safe and Sane Investing," "Horse Sense in Financial Matters," "The Curse of Gambling," etc., etc.*

Lesson IV

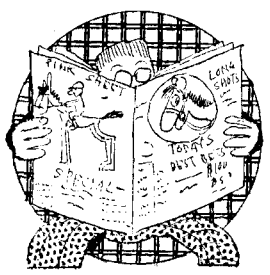


Is this Sidney again? *Darned if it ain't.*

What is Sidney doing now? *Sidney is delivering a radio address in the "Guarding Against That Rainy Day" series so popular at Station BUHNK.*

Has Sidney a subject? *Sure, he has a subject. It is "Invest; Don't Gamble."*

He has just made a ringing conclusion to the effect that no man ever got ahead through speculations and all of the great fortunes in America were based on sound, hard business sense.



Lesson V

What is this? *This is a racing chart known as The Pink Sheet.*

Who is the man reading it? *The man is Sidney.*

Lesson VI

This is Sidney again.

What is he running for? *He is running to reach a telephone.*

Why is he running to reach a telephone? *He wants to get a bet down on the fifth race at some place or other.*

On a great stake horse? *No; on a skate known as Spavin Susan, who last won a race in 1919 in Havana.*

Will Susan win the race? *There is not a chance.*

Then why does Sidney want to get a bet on her? *Because he read that "Spavin Susan has seldom been in worse company. She should take some beating."*

What explains Sidney stepping out of character like this? *Life is like that.*

Welcome Home

Continued from page 28

letter which she wrote to you. It is the whole basis of the case against her. I quite agree with you that the district attorney would not move to indict her, even if she were found, unless Carson wanted him to. But he absolutely couldn't do it if that letter were destroyed. . . ."

"I shall never forgive myself for being so careless with it."

"Make amends by getting it back."

"How can I?"

"Carson will do anything you want him to do."

"I?" She shook her head. "I have no influence over him. You evidently have not heard. There is another woman. . . ."

"He hates the sight of her."

Something like triumph flashed upon the lovely, gentle face before him, and was at once repressed.

"Ah, you don't know."

"I know that he tells his servants not to let her in."

There was not much time. At any moment Carson might return. Tom could not be too nice as to his methods. "Mrs. Carson," he said, "your former husband loves you. . . ."

"Oh, no, no," she cried. "Not that. I would not go through that agony again for anything in the world. . . ." A pause, and she added, "But what makes you say so?"

"I haven't time to tell you that—only the fact. He loves you . . . and you can save your sister. Otherwise, if this reward unearths her hiding place, she will in all probability go to prison."

"How kind you are, Mr. Bentham."

It was a kindness he thought had better not be too much examined, and he was relieved when Ira came back into the room.

"The reward will be in the late afternoon editions," he said, "twenty-five thousand dollars. . . ."

Tom took his leave. He went straight to the paper.

He found Smith in his shirt sleeves bending over road maps. He had completed all arrangements for Tom's trip.

He pointed with a dry pen. "That's where she is," he said, "staying with some old friends of the family. You motor to this point, and there you can hire a launch and cross to the Canadian side. Get your interview and wire it back from there. . . . Have you seen the reward?"

"Do I get it?" said Tom.

"Part of it, maybe," said Smith. "How soon can you start?"

"Where's the car?" said Tom.

"Outside—can go sixty miles an hour, and all new tires."

"Good," said Tom. "I'll be starting. I'll just go home and pack a bag."

THAT afternoon about half past seven a traffic policeman at a cross street of what was not so long ago the quiet village of Fordham blew several threatening, discontinuous blasts on his whistle, and caused a low, dark runabout with two occupants and four brand-new tires to come to a sudden halt.

"Don't you ever put out your hand going round a corner?" he asked in that cool, dispassionate tone that has of late become the fashion on the force.

"Yes, Officer," said the driver softly, "I did ask my wife to put out her hand, but it is so small perhaps you did not see it."

Nobody smiled. Tom had not hoped for that. He and the officer continued to look each other gravely in the eye. Behind his stern, rugged mask the officer was thinking: "Yes, a lot she's your wife—well, you're only young once—and what an evening they are going to have!"

With an extra scowl he took his foot off the running board. "Well, another time remember the old saying, 'If you want a thing done do it yourself,'" he said, and waved to the waiting traffic.

Tom and Barbara glanced at each other like people who have escaped a great danger.

"The New York police," said Tom, "are very strong for the domestic relation—you see how he let us go as soon as I said you were my wife."

They had an acute and yet exciting sense of being fugitives. The late editions of the evening papers had carried the announcement of Carson's reward across the front pages. The modern woman has no need of a black velvet mask in moments of danger. It would have taken a sharp-eyed detective to detect Barbara with a tiny hat drawn down over her eyes and a scarf muffled about her chin. They were fairly safe, they kept saying to each other, if they did not get themselves arrested. Driving up Third Avenue where pedestrians are so apt to step thoughtlessly out from the shadows of elevated railroad posts, Tom's heart had been in his mouth a dozen times.

Hotels, of course, were absolutely barred to them, but the back of the car was bulging with a hamper containing enough food for a week if necessary.

THE weather was doing everything it could for them. After the heat of the last few days a cool air had come out of the north. There was a pale green sunset dying in the west and on their right a great phantomlike full moon was floating up against the pale gray eastern sky.

"We are going to have a nice night for our trip," said Tom, in a matter-of-fact tone, as if a nice night were just a nice night to him.

She looked all round the sky. "Yes, I believe we are," she returned in the same note . . . just two practical people looking over the weather conditions.

After they left Yonkers they began to say to each other, "The next really nice spot to picnic, we'll stop."

But they ran on and on, with that tendency, already noticed by Sir Isaac Newton, of all bodies to continue motion in a straight line. . . . Then that interchange so familiar to all motorists took place:

"Wasn't that a good place?"

"Why didn't you stop then?"

"Because you didn't say anything."

"I thought if you liked it, you'd stop of yourself. . . ."

They had run twenty miles before they succeeded in coming to rest at a place no better than a dozen they had passed. It was back of Garrison, and had no view of the river, but it was a dry wooded knoll open to the rising moon. Here they spread out their supper.

And now a peculiar thing happened to them: they fell absolutely silent—they who had so much to say to each other—had even arranged the subject of conversation. In the hurry of packing and getting away he had had no time to tell her more than the outline of his interview with Carson and Adele. They had arranged that as they motored—as they stopped to eat—he would have time to go into all the interesting details. "In that wonderful way of yours," she had said.

But now neither of them referred to it. They hardly spoke to each other, and if they did they spoke in low voices—almost in whispers. He became aware of what was happening to him—his heart was thumping. A few moments more of this intoxicating silence and he would certainly take her in his arms! . . . Was she unconscious of danger? He glanced at her clear little profile turned up to the moon. Oh, evidently—evidently.

He spoke rather too loudly: "Well," he said, "no praise for the caterer?"

She drooped her head. "How unromantic you are," she said with a sigh.

Unromantic? There was a brilliant diagnosis.

"All the time that I was thinking about the moon and the night breeze," she went on, "and how dark the shadows are under the trees, you were thinking of nothing but your food. Ah, if Edna had been with you—"

(*Continued on page 32*)

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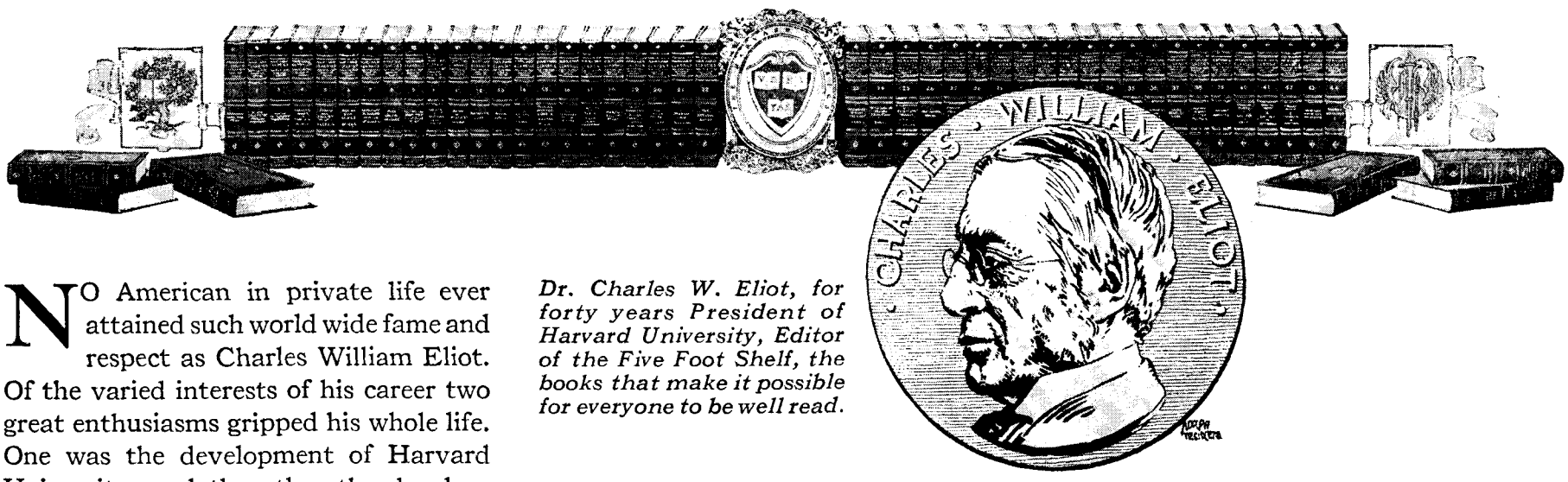
These are the books he chose *for YOU*



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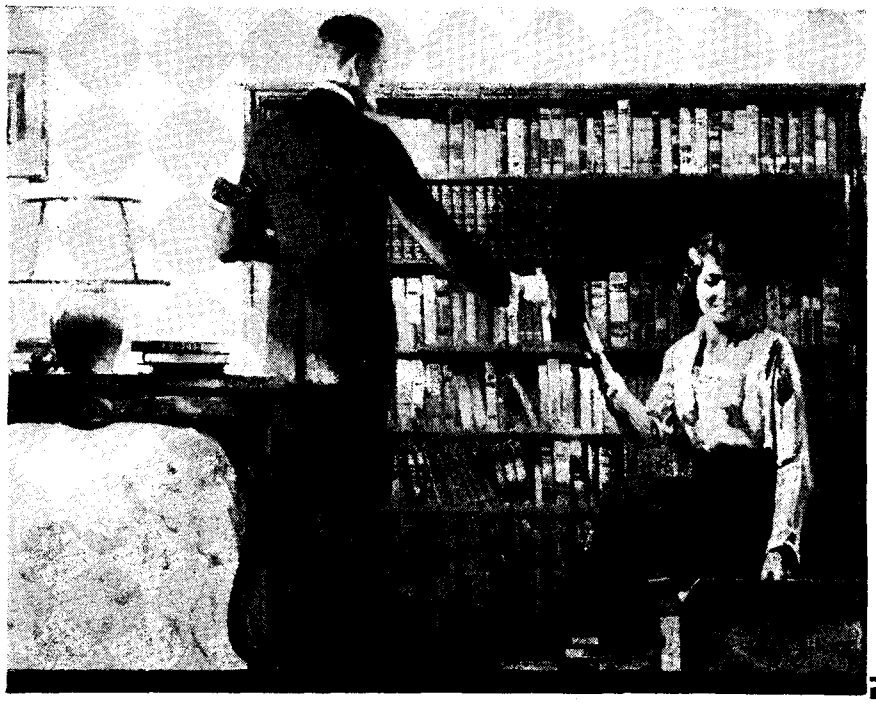

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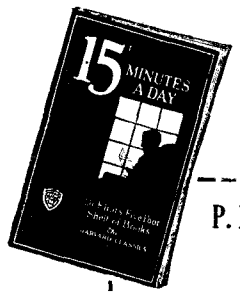

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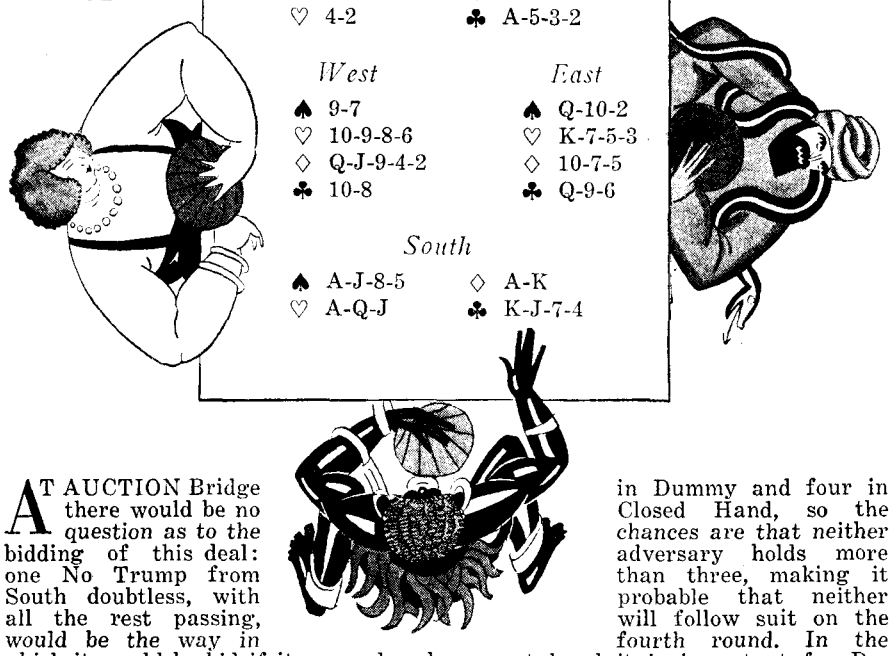
How would you play it?

By MILTON C. WORK

Author of Auction Bridge Complete

These hands were broadcast by Mr. Work on Tuesday evening, January 17th. Compare your playing of them with his complete description of the play given below:

No. 12



AT AUCTION Bridge there would be no question as to the bidding of this deal: one No Trump from South doubtless, with all the rest passing, would be the way in which it would be bid if it were played at hundreds of expert tables.

The Play

WEST'S opening lead was the Queen of Diamonds, that suit being both longer and stronger than the Hearts. The Queen—not the fourth best—is the correct opening lead from Q-J-9.

After winning the first trick Declarer would note that in Spades and Clubs her combined hands have identical length and strength and both should be handled in the same way.

When a Declarer has eight cards of a suit in her combined hands, she should plan her play upon the probability that the cards of the suit she does not see are divided 3-2 between the two adverse hands; also that, with five cards of a suit adversely held, the chances are three to two against finding any particular card of the five in the hand that holds two, the odds being that it will turn up in the hand that holds three.

To win four tricks in each of the suits, she should not try to drop the respective Queens by leading out **her** Aces and Kings because in each case the Queen is probably in the hand that has three cards of the suit. Neither should she try to finesse by leading the Jack of either suit from the Closed Hand because *she must lose a trick in that suit* if she should start by leading the Jack and her adversaries are awake. If East hold the Queen, the finesse will lose; if West have that card she will cover, force the higher honor from Dummy, and make good an adverse Ten or Nine. If Declarer held the Ten in either hand, she could finesse either way; but without the Ten, to lead the Jack for a finesse would be one of those sad plays which cannot win and which may lose. Leading a small Spade or Club from Closed Hand, winning with the single honor in Dummy, leading back a small card from Dummy and finessing the Jack (the only sound finesse in the hand), gives the Declarer a practically even chance of taking every trick; she takes them all if the Queen be held by East, loses one if the Queen be held by West.

Having determined how the Spades and Clubs should be led, one more thought should enter the Declarer's mind before she leads to trick 2. As has been said, she holds four of each suit in Dummy and four in Closed Hand, so the chances are that neither adversary holds more than three, making it probable that neither will follow suit on the fourth round. In the current hand it is important for Declarer to plan to win the fourth round of both Spades and Clubs in Dummy rather than in Closed Hand because Dummy may need entries later to enable Declarer to take two finesses in Hearts.

Declarer therefore led the Eight of Spades to trick 2, selecting the Eight, and retaining the Five to be played under Dummy's Six. (This lead cannot cost a Spade trick; if the adversaries have four Spades in one hand, the Eight will be no more valuable than the Five on the fourth round, as the remaining adverse Spade will be higher than either.) After winning with the King, Dummy led the Trey of Spades to trick 3 and Closed Hand finessed the Jack. When this finesse won, the Ace of Spades dropped the adverse Queen and left a Spade in each of Declarer's hands (the higher in Dummy). Declarer shifted to Clubs, leaving the Spade entry in Dummy to be utilized when needed.

To trick 5 Closed Hand led the Seven of Clubs (not the Four). Dummy won with the Ace and returned the Deuce, on which Closed Hand finessed the Jack.

Then the King of Clubs dropped the adverse Queen, leaving the good Five (a second much-needed entry) in Dummy.

To trick 8 Declarer led the Four of Clubs from Closed Hand, winning in Dummy with the Five, and to trick 9 led a small Heart from Dummy, taking the finesse in Closed Hand. When this finesse won it was easy to lead the Five of Spades from Closed Hand, taking with the Six in Dummy, and then, in trick 11, to lead a second Heart from Dummy, taking a second finesse in Closed Hand. This left Closed Hand with two Aces for the remaining two tricks and produced a Grand Slam.

These plays, while not at all difficult, were of a type frequently overlooked.

In next week's issue Mr. Work will play the Collier's Radio Bridge Hands, to be broadcast Tuesday evening, January 24th, at ten o'clock Eastern Standard Time, through the following stations:

WEAF, New York; WEEI, Boston; WJAR, Providence; WTAG, Worcester; WTIC, Hartford; WGR, Buffalo; WFI, Philadelphia; WRC, Washington; WCSH, Portland, Me.; WSM, Nashville; WHAS, Louisville; WGY, Schenectady; WDAF, Kansas City; WCCO, Minneapolis-St. Paul; WCAE, Pittsburgh; WTAM, Cleveland; WWJ, Detroit; WSAI, Cincinnati; WGN, Chicago; KSD, St. Louis; WOC, Davenport; WSB, Atlanta; WMC, Memphis; WHO, Des Moines; WOW, Omaha; WTMJ, Milwaukee.

Welcome Home

Continued from page 30

He thought that Frankenstein had not suffered more with the monster of his invention than he with Edna. . . . The mention of her name brought a curse. Barbara sank into a new kind of silence—remote, detached. . . . If he spoke to her, she answered him—as if she heard with difficulty. She made him feel as if she were a cool ghost irked by being held upon the earth, eager to resolve herself back into empty air. An icy mood, how he hated moods! . . . How cruel . . . their last days together! He looked now enviously to Sunday. A quarrel—ah, there is something vital and intense about a quarrel! A quarrel at least is life, but this still remoteness was strangely like death.

"Are you warm enough?" he asked—to say something to her.

"Warm enough? Oh, yes, quite, thank you."

She had simply gone away and left him—her spirit had.

They finished packing up and went back to the car.

Presently they came out again above the Hudson—a great, smooth, gray river in a flood of green summer moonlight.

"Isn't it a swell river?" he said.

"Marvelous," she answered, as if she had not taken in what he said.

THE miles simply began to unroll then before their profound silence—Poughkeepsie, Rhinecliff . . . on and on. It seemed likely that they would never speak to each other again. Then he became aware that her head was nodding . . . she had fallen asleep. . . .

Poor child, she had been dead tired—not remote at all—and he had allowed himself to criticize her! He was swept by remorse. Again her head bobbed dangerously. He put his arm out and drew her head to his shoulder. She might object, but it was better than having her neck broken—somewhat better for her, infinitely better for him. He withdrew his arm and drove steadily, as if he were unconscious of that weight on his right shoulder. Once she sighed and attempted to burrow her head deeper into his coat, his shoulder was a pillow less soft than she was accustomed to.

She was sleeping soundly as they drove over the bridge into Albany, and he did not wake her to see the magic that moonlight exercised upon the capitol—making it look like a silver palace on a mountain instead of an ugly heavy and ill-constructed mass of masonry. Schenectady—strange city, with its haughty little college on the hill and its great industrial plants below in the town—the furnaces of the locomotive works were flinging torches of flame up into the moonlight. Then the Mohawk—a quiet, wide river—he thought of Indian massacres and early settlers and the great westward flood of emigration through the valley. . . .

Presently, for no reason, she sighed and opened her eyes. She made no comment on the position of her head, but she raised it.

"Don't you want to get some sleep?" she asked.

"I don't think we had better stop again."

"I'll drive." He had never thought about her driving.

"Well," he said, "I don't know that I could get much rest—one's head bobs about so."

She answered in the most matter-of-fact way, "You can put it on my shoulder—though, perhaps, it isn't just the height. . . ."

He said he would make it do, and they changed places.

"Are you sure it won't interfere with your driving?" he said.

"I shouldn't think so," she answered. Her tone was like ice. He said to himself that a self-respecting man wouldn't do it on that invitation, but he was unable to resist. He put his head on her shoulder, and all possibility of sleep vanished.

That at least was his first idea—how could he sleep when every pulse in his body was aware that her shoulder smelt of that heavy white flower and perfume which had met him at the foot of the stairs the night he came home? He reflected that the sense of smell was supposed to reside in the nose and not in the heart. Why, then . . .

By dint of industriously imitating the conduct of a man asleep he did at last fall asleep. When he woke it was morning—a northerly summer morning. The air was coming to them from the woods and streams of the Adirondacks far off on their right. They were entering a small town.

He lifted his head. "I've been asleep," he remarked.

She laughed. "Who knows it better than I?" she returned. "I understand now why it is people always fall on their heads. The human brain weighs."

"Masculine brains, my good girl. I can assure you from personal experience that feminine brains weigh nothing—at least not in any painful sense."

She grew serious at once. "As a matter of fact," she said, "brain is in proportion to bodily weight and has nothing whatsoever to do with intelligence."

"Pray, madam, allow me to take the wheel and reassume that leadership which heaven itself designed for the male."

Things had improved since the evening before, for she was able to laugh.

They began to pass owl wagons and eating places. Barbara cast envious glances through the windows at the great nickel coffee machines that she could see were steaming within.

"I should like," she said at last, "to go into the next one of those and sit on a high stool and drink coffee out of one of those thick white cups that I can see."

"It would probably be safe enough," he answered, "only I'd like to see a morning paper first. I wonder what time the papers get on the street in this place. You see, with the reward being out in the afternoon papers in New York yesterday, they'd all have it upstate today. People in small towns are expert on identifying strangers." The door of a restaurant opened, and a great wave of the aroma of hot coffee reached him, shaking his resolution.

Almost simultaneously a small boy came round the corner with the local paper neatly carried in a tarpaulin bag. Tom bought one without leaving the car.

"Gosh," he said, looking first at the general make-up, "what a sheet! Advertising on the first page!"

Barbara stretched out her arms.

"They mayn't have good papers, but they certainly have nice air," she said.

TOM lit a cigarette and unfolded the paper. Except for the offending advertisements, the front page was devoted to the approaching demise of a local magnate and the trial of a peculiarly bloody murder in the farming districts. She looked over his shoulder.

"Evidently nothing about me," she said. "Let's go and get breakfast."

"Ah, my dear girl, you may not be front-page stuff in central New York—you must face that fact." He folded the paper back: sporting page, a page of local items and news from neighboring towns, a beautiful column of classified advertisements, an editorial page with a long eulogy headed "He Was a Man" on the career of the local magnate. . . . A double column of happenings in New York—paragraphs. One of these said: "Poor Boy Likely to Win Big Reward."

Barbara had become a trifle impatient of Tom's careful perusal of the paper, which she regarded not as a precaution but as a self-indulgence. "I think I shall have a poached egg," she said. "Poached eggs, you know, are like Cæsar's wife—if they poach. . . . Where are you going—" she added, seeing that he had crushed the paper down between them and was starting the car.

"Due north, I should imagine . . . out of this place, anyhow. . . . We'll discuss where as we go . . . That young nephew of Delia Huggins' has sold us out for the reward."

(To be continued next week)

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Plug Uglies

Continued from page 26

his stride. At the head of the stretch he shied. It was but a tiny halt and side-step, but it was enough to throw the exercise boy, who remained where he lay.

Captain John stopped, turned to where the boy lay and struck with his fore feet. The track workers came shouting, waving shovels and rakes. Five times Captain John pawed viciously at the lad without hitting him. The sixth kick smashed the boy in the body.

By this time the workers were upon Captain John. The big horse reared, lashed out at the nearest, and then abandoned the fight. His head high and shaking, he galloped back to the stables, where he submitted almost meekly to the halter and stall.

Sport, the Ruppert horse, was a killer, although he did not make a clean job of any man. Not his fault. He tried hard enough. One day he kicked a stable boy unconscious, bowled over a second and cleared out. They found him two miles away standing in a school yard, having the time of his life. The children were literally swarming over him. Several sat on his back. Two small boys were tugging his tail. He was gratefully munching apples from the palms of little girls. But he savagely fought the stablemen all the way home.

Bashaw, Jr., hated men and killed two of them. You couldn't have hired a man to enter his stall while he was eating. Yet one day one of the trainers almost fainted when he saw his small daughter go up to Bashaw during his noon meal, push at the horse's flank and then go forward and stroke his nose. Bashaw was as meek as a ewe lamb.

Patience makes the horseman. Great as Borrow was, he would have been less famous had not Jimmy Rowe, his trainer, humored, coddled and outwitted him. Borrow loathed work. Like Captain John, he grew nasty in training. He developed extraordinary cunning in his desire to avoid exercise.

For example, Borrow would pretend not to sleep, knowing they wouldn't take a weary horse to the track. Rowe confessed that he had never seen Borrow sleep, and the night watchmen and assistant trainers reported that the horse was always awake no matter what hour they went to his stall.

"Of course he slept," said Rowe. "No horse could stand constant sleeplessness. Borrow was considerable horse, but I never saw him sleep."

Eventually Rowe wearied of the mystery. He cleared out the stalls on either side of Borrow's and bored holes in the walls. He stationed sentries at each hole. Borrow slept, all right, but warily. He would remain on his feet, his ears cocked, until he was sure he was alone. Then he would ease himself gently into the straw, relax and slumber.

Hard to Outwit

BUT when the spies reported to Rowe that Borrow was faking insomnia, life for the big horse changed. Out of that stall he had to come, and Rowe worked him hard and long. And he hated Rowe for it.

Chicle, another great horse, was cunning in his efforts to avoid training, but much success made him careless, and he paid the price. He had bad feet—bad for racing but good for loafing. Inasmuch as little if any pain attended the possession of bad feet (except, of course, after a hard race on a fast track) Chicle preferred to keep them bad. They were his fore feet.

Stablemen found Chicle would keep his feet in the buckets until the trainer had gone. Then he'd take them out. Let anyone enter the stable and he'd pop them into the water again. After that they tied the buckets to his feet, and his feet healed.

Now Greenleaf, another of Rowe's horses, had bad fore feet too, and they put his hoofs in healing water. Also, like Chicle, he would withdraw them the moment he was alone. But Greenleaf wasn't the horse Chicle was. Greenleaf lacked the memory and calm of Chicle. One night a trainer stole up on Greenleaf. Hearing the step too late, Greenleaf became panicky and thrust his hind feet into the buckets. And there he stood trying to look innocent.

Kinnikinic and Viley used to exercise without a boy on their backs. They didn't need guiding. Jack Phillips, Viley's trainer, frequently sent him out for a morning mile without a jockey and the intelligent beast would go through all his paces unbidden. When Phillips had decided he had worked enough he'd whistle and Viley could come running home like a dog.

Frank Regan had two horses—Dorcas and Whimsey—who would respond to his call or whistle. Also they were extremely sensitive to music and danced rather gracefully—for horses.

Walter House had a thoroughbred he used as his own saddle horse. King was the big fellow's name. King appointed himself guardian and shepherd of the House flock. He made good.

Sweep By was the star of the House stables for a time and King seemed to know it. He would post himself within view of the track, and when Sweep By went flying past doing his best to maintain or gain the lead, King would set up a shrill cry.

Only Cuss Words Would Do

THE late Billy Shields had a horse called Logan, and Logan was known as the Hustler's Delight. To horsemen a hustler is a hanger-on who beats his way from track to track, using his wits and nerve in lieu of the money he rarely has. His favorite mode of travel is in a box car with a gentle horse.

Logan was one of these.

Now, Logan hated uniforms of all sorts. The sight of a uniform enraged him, and the railroad men shunned his car. The hustlers used to watch for Logan and follow him into his car, safe in the knowledge that none of the train crew would take chances with the horse. And Logan was always very gentle with these hoboes, sharing his bed with them.

The Finn, H. C. Hallenback's famous black horse, appeared to understand but one language—the curses of the Negro stable boys. There was one boy in particular whose vocabulary was clear to The Finn. The boy had genius at invective.

But Fate ushered the lad into the tent of an evangel one evening and religion overtook him. On the following morning the black boy went to Ed Heffernan, The Finn's trainer, and asked to be transferred to another horse.

"Mist' Heff, suh," said the boy, "gimme any ole hoss jes' so he understand the saved language."

"What do you mean, saved language?"

"Mist' Heff, I been saved over to the gospel tent, suh; an' I don't aim to git unsaved too quick, if yo' don't mind, suh. The Finn he got to be cussed out good or he don't work. And if yo' don't mind, suh—"

Two days later The Finn was mean. Two boys—good, average cussers—were trying hopelessly to force him to the exercise track. They used the whip, the spurs, the twitch, but the great black horse only grew more stubborn.

Suddenly the air was shattered by a bolt of profanity warranted to make pale the face of an artilleryman. The Finn's friend had backslid. For a minute or two the boy trained the big guns of his refreshed vocabulary upon the horse, and The Finn capitulated.

"Hoss," said the boy after a particularly successful exercise run, "you and me is goin' to hell. Yassuh, goin' right on thoo hell—pla-a-a-a-ap, like that. But we is goin' so fas' that nobody gwine know it 'cept you and me and mebby we git away with it. Git goin', you—"

The Finn equaled a world's record that afternoon.

EVERY MAN wants to own his own home and have a car. This page tells how *you* can have them and other things you want most.

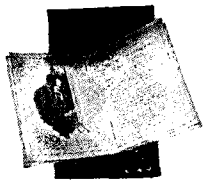
Which of these things do *you* want most?

OURS is an old insurance company with a new idea. The new idea is this. You have no interest in death. You dislike the thought of it. You don't want to talk about it.

Your interest is in life. In success. In getting the things you want. In having the most possible fun while you live, with the least worry. Most of all, probably, you want happiness and success for your children.

There is a way to secure every one of these things.

We have prepared a very remarkable booklet that tells how. The subjects which it covers are listed at the bottom of the page; the coupon will bring it to you without any obligation or cost.



Look at the list. These are the things you want, aren't they? The booklet tells how to get them. If you need further information, after reading it, a Phoenix Mutual Counselor will be glad to be of service to you. You will find him a very unusual man. He is competent to help and advise you, for he has had long years of practical experience or he has been through an intensive course of training in our service school in Hartford. His whole idea of life insurance is to put the emphasis on the *life*—on the things that make for more fun in living, for freedom from worry, for larger success.

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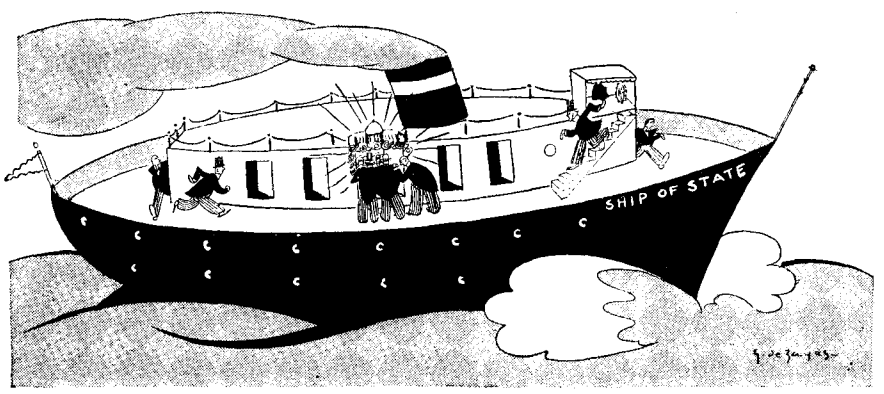

The scramble for the best cabins

Low-downs on the High-ups

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

WHAT interests the Senate is jobs and office rooms. So the conscript fathers got more of a thrill out of Senator McLean's giving up the chairmanship of the Committee on Banking and Currency than it did out of Hearst's attack upon its own integrity.

Here are the personalities in this little drama: Senator George P. McLean of Connecticut, the only senator known to have given up the chairmanship of an important committee (along with the chairmanship of the committee goes the finest office in the Capitol); Senator Peter Norbeck of South Dakota, a rural contractor who knows not too much about banking and currency; and Senator William McMaster, Mr. Norbeck's colleague from South Dakota.

It is the ambition of Mr. McMaster's life to be on the Committee on Banking and Currency, and it was arranged that Mr. Norbeck should retire so that Mr. McMaster could get on. But Mr. Norbeck grabbed the chairmanship and the beautiful office. The relations between Mr. McMaster and Mr. Norbeck became as strained as those between any two colleagues in the Senate, and that is saying a good deal.

And the Senate buzzed with this little personal issue as it has not buzzed with anything since Senator Caraway bought the house in which Senator Hiram Johnson lived and tried to put him out of it.

Senator McLean is a person of low visibility. He has made few speeches, always intelligent, but uninteresting. He will retire voluntarily from the Senate at the end of his present term, in 1929. His kind is scarce and, if one may judge from the kind of men who come to the Senate, is becoming scarcer.

That Mexican Mare's Nest

I DO not know that the Senate has ever appeared in a worse light than it did in the investigation of the Hearst charges.

First the Vice President, who is a candidate for the Presidency and comes from a town with Hearst newspapers in it, appoints a committee, four of the five members of which come from towns with Hearst newspapers in them, one of them being on occasion the attorney for Mr. Hearst, so the majority believed that the pretense that four senators had been bribed was made to cover up the stealing of money from the Mexican treasury.

Attorneys of the publisher were all over the place, and it was apparent that several of the inquisitors, rather than incur the disfavor of a powerful newspaper proprietor, were willing to disturb relations with a friendly government and play into the hands of those who have been trying to foment war. In other words, they thought more of being reëlected than they did of the consequences of international calumny or of the plight in which their colleagues were placed, admittedly accused falsely in order to make a publicity holiday in Washington.

Any investigation with a decent regard for international comity would have ended with the publisher's admission that he did not believe the senators had received any Mexican money; with the failure to find that the money mentioned in the document had been transmitted to this country; with such evidence as might have been obtained that the particular document was not genuine, and with the taking of proper action to punish anyone guilty of publishing false charges against the Senate.

That was all that properly concerned the Senate. The public morals of the government of a neighboring country are not its business.

Hoover Has a Moses

SENATOR MOSES supporting Mr. Hoover for President is a cat in a strange gallery. Now, it is hard to tell just what kind of candidate for President the mischievous senator from New Hampshire would instinctively support, but it is plain enough that Mr. Hoover is not that kind. Mr. Hoover calls himself progressive, or used to, and as Republican candidates for President go he is rather progressive.

Mr. Moses is about as hard-boiled and unashamed a reactionary as there is in the Senate. Mr. Hoover is not much of a politician. And Mr. Moses loves the politicians.

Mr. Moses would sacrifice anything for an epigram or witticism, and how many epigrams and witticisms he must have to suppress as he contemplates the spectacle of himself in his moments of wild enthusiasm for the Secretary of Commerce for President!

Two in One

THE Dawes-Lowden candidacy for President is one of those Siamese-twin affairs, the first one on record. The two are inseparable. The trouble with a Siamese-twin relationship is that one member of the pair cannot die without taking the other into decay with him. No surgical operation can separate the living member from the stricken member.

Dawes-Lowden in death-or-life Siamese-twin union

Yet what is expected by those who are supporting these political Siamese twins is that in the Republican National Convention there will be performed an operation that will remove Mr. Lowden and leave Mr. Dawes thriving.

Château of Phantasies

Continued from page 16

knows more than I. I beg you to excuse me."

He turned and left us, and I looked at the newcomer, tongue-tied. For, matter-of-fact person though I am, I was not sure whether she was human.

"I fear, monsieur," she regretted, "that my father has been indulging in one of his usual grim jests. He has been taking you for a tour to see treasures which do not exist."

"It was my own fault, mademoiselle," I acknowledged. "I had no right to intrude."

"If it was the love of beautiful things which brought you, monsieur," she rejoined, "you had certainly a right to come, but, you see, everything that we once owned has gone. This is a house of emptiness."

I shivered, for even as she spoke the atmosphere of that great room seemed to chill my blood. And then it suddenly went warm again, for my companion's eyes lit, and my heart began to beat fast. Never before had I stood near anything so beautiful.

"Mademoiselle," I ventured, "I wish that there were indeed treasures here, that you might show them to me."

She laughed softly, but she led me imperceptibly toward the door.

"There are no longer any treasures under this roof," she repeated.

"Mademoiselle," I said, and I found it hard to control my voice, "I speak, believe me, with all respect, I speak from my heart, with great humility—there is a treasure which still remains here greater than any masterpiece which has ever adorned these walls."

"Are you trying to flatter me, sir?" she asked me.

"I am trying to find words, mademoiselle," I answered, "to tell you that you are more wonderful than anything I have ever dreamed of in life. If you send me away without a hope that we may meet again, you will make me the most miserable of men."

She laid her fingers upon my arm. Their touch was almost a caress.

"Then you must come back," she whispered, "for I would make no one miserable."

IT SEEMED to me that I had closed my eyes in a wave of ecstasy, and I opened them to horror. For a moment or two I could make nothing of my surroundings. I was lying upon a rug by the side of the road, with my back to a low stone wall. Opposite me were four or five figures, all stretched out, motionless, their faces covered. Only a few yards away, strange and grotesque, was a huge misshapen mass of metal and wood and upholstery—an overturned char-à-bancs, with the steam still hissing out from the smashed radiator and drifting away down the valley. In my ears was a sound of sobbing and here and there a shriek of pain.

Two men, who might have been doctors, were hurrying about; one, with a woman in nun's habit, was bending over another prostrate figure close at hand. A little way down the road a gendarme was keeping back an ever-increasing stream of carts and cars.

"What is it?" I gasped. "How did I come here?"

Then a voice answered me from underneath the great wide cap by my side, and I fancied that I must be back again in that mausoleum of a château:

"There has been an accident. Your char-à-bancs was run into by another. It was a very bad accident. If you can keep quiet until the ambulances come—"

I tried to turn to see if the face, too, were the same, and for the time that was the end of me. . . .

There was a slight injury to my head, and for a time I was forbidden questions. In due course, however, more rapidly than they had expected, convalescence came in earnest. Soon I was able to sit up.

My first visitor was Denham, the man who had called me a snob because I disliked chars-à-bancs!

"Tell me what happened?" I begged.

"We were drawn up for some slight repair," he recounted—"you remember that, don't you?—by the side of the road. You decided to get out and see what was wrong. There was a blind corner about fifty yards up the hill, and round this came a new motor diligence from the other side, out of control. The brakes had given out; the driver was helpless. He simply sat there trying to steer his machine and shrieking. With our vehicle blocking the road, of course it was all up. I took a flying jump over the side, and just missed the collision. You were dashed against the char-à-bancs when it crumpled up. We won't talk about it too much. My nerves aren't what they were. There were sixteen of us in the thing, you know, and eight were killed outright."

Now, many things had seemed strange to me during these first days of my convalescence, and I had made up my mind to go quietly with my questions and speculations.

"Listen," I said to Denham, "as a cross-examination barrister would put it, I suggest to you that I had left the char-à-bancs, had entered the grounds of the château by a gap near the gates, and was at least halfway down the avenue before the collision took place."

Denham looked at me gravely.

"Forester," he advised, "try and get that idea out of your head. We are all a little dazed even now, but your injuries should speak for themselves. You were unconscious for at least ten days after you were picked up, and not only I but every other one of the survivors saw you trying in vain to get out of the way of the diligence."

I closed my eyes.

"Very well," I yielded. "Tell me the English news." . . .

I have a reasonably strong will, and, notwithstanding all temptations, I asked my friend no more questions then or at any other time. I set myself to the task of getting well, and I succeeded beyond the expectations of everyone. Soon I was permitted to sit out of doors, and, later on, to take short motor rides. Even then I did not hurry. I waited until I felt strength once more in my body and myself a man again. Then I hired a motor car and drove to the scene of the accident. I made my chauffeur pull up opposite the gates. Here once more I was puzzled. The man when he saw me descend crossed himself.

"Monsieur will not enter there," he begged quickly.

"I shall return in half an hour," I told him. "I am going to have a look at the château."

I made my way to the door. I missed the rusty bell handle which I seemed to remember, but I knocked, as before, on the panels, and listened. I went on knocking—but I listened in vain. All that I heard was the hollow echo of my tapping. In time I desisted, and, standing back, made a tour of the place.

It was two o'clock when I walked down that avenue with all the joy of

HERE

are the answers to the pictures on pages 18 and 19, reading, left to right:

1. Hiding, Henpecked, Harrow, Honeymoon.
2. Old Oaken Bucket, Oven, Outing, Ocarina.
3. Mailman, Marriage, Mansion, Mother.
4. Embroidery, Emigrant, Extraction, Engaged.

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the sunlit afternoon quivering in my pulses, and it seemed to me that I was stepping toward a new world. It was four o'clock before I retraced my weary steps, to find my chauffeur halfway down the avenue, looking fearfully toward the château. He exclaimed with joy on seeing me.

"Ah, it is Monsieur who returns!" he cried. "Good!"

He evidently seemed to imagine that I had escaped some great danger. I followed him listlessly into the automobile.

"Stop at the nearest café," I instructed him.

He obeyed. We found one about half a mile off, where I drank coffee and brandy, of which I was in need. It was merely a country inn, but the proprietor had an intelligent face. I called him to my table.

"Do you know anything of the deserted château down the hill?" I asked.

"There is little enough to know, monsieur," he replied. "It was once part of the domaine of the seigneurs of Trébault, as Monsieur may have heard. For many years it has remained unoccupied." . . .

The months dragged on for me a little wearily. The season at Monte Carlo, which, in my quiet way, I always enjoy, drew toward its close, but before the end came I tired of it. One day, just before the hour for déjeuner, I drove up to one of my secret havens—a small little-known pension not far from Venice.

I presented myself to Madame, who greeted me warmly as an old client and who herself escorted me to the little salon where luncheon was already being served. Then, as she was placing me at my table, one of those moments came in which the throb of the world seemed suddenly to cease. My hand gripped the back of my chair fiercely. Madame departed, unnoticing. I stood rigid. At the next table was a man whose back was toward me, and, facing him, unless I was going mad, was the chatelaine of the Château Trébault!

The singing in my ears passed. The fragment of my life to which these things belonged had been so clear-cut and detached that the capacity for wonder with regard to them had become dulled. It was only the sight of her eyes and that wonderful smile which had for the moment unnerved me. The smile remained—most amazing thing of all, there was recognition in her eyes. I let go the back of the chair, and found, to my immense relief, that I could stand upright. I moved to the table and bowed. The man glanced up—the very same man. The girl leaned forward.

"Monsieur has recovered?" she inquired.

"Perfectly," I answered.

It seemed to me that she must know everything. Perhaps she did. Who knows? At any rate, she knew the right thing to do, as she always has done—then and ever since.

"I can see," she went on, "that you only half remember me. I was at a training home for nurses close to where your accident took place, and I hurried down with some of the others when we heard of it. It was I who was with you when you came back to consciousness."

"I remember," I acknowledged. "And your—?"

"My father," she confided. "You have never met my father."

"My name is Forester," I told her—"Major Forester."

He bowed.

"My father, the Comte de Trébault," she announced, with a little gesture.

We shook hands as strangers.

"I owe so much to your daughter," I murmured.

He smiled, not unpleasantly.

"You are alone," he remarked. "Pray join us."

I SAT at their table. We three lunched together as though it were the most natural thing in the world. With our coffee I summoned up my courage, and alluded, as casually as possible, to the château.

"Your home is quite empty?" I ventured. "You never think of visiting it?"

"Never, monsieur," he answered, with a touch of that former bitterness. "I have not crossed the threshold for twenty years."

"My father," the girl explained softly, "very much resented the sale of all our family treasures by my uncle, but it had to be—there were debts to be paid."

"Naturally," I concurred gravely. . . .

After luncheon Monsieur le Comte retired. He was an invalid and needed much rest. I walked with Angèle in the gardens. I flatter myself that I have always been a philosopher. I do not seek to probe those mysteries which are in themselves insoluble. And, in any case, about the greatest mystery of all there was nothing terrifying. It was a vital and human thing—the love which revealed itself so amazingly that the very words I faltered when I took her into my arms that afternoon in Madame's arbor seemed unnecessary. It was as though somewhere else they had been already spoken.

Bad Man from Missouri

Continued from page 14

"Howard" was a synonym for "James" but who were also fully informed as to what was going on inside the head of the man who wore those names. It was nothing new that Jesse was planning—just another robbery. But in connection therewith it so befell that late in March, 1882, when Jesse came back to St. Joseph, after a trip to Clay County, he brought with him two men, Bob and Charlie Ford, who remained as his guests and with whom he discussed the details of the proposed enterprise.

Basing his scheme on the assumption that all the good people of Platte City would attend a murder trial which was to be held in their town on April 4th, Jesse set that as the day on which he would visit their village and loot their bank.

However, something happened in St. Joseph on April 3d which kept the great bank examiner from getting over to Platte City on the fourth.

Paid in Kind

IT WAS a warm morning, April 3d. Jesse and the two Ford boys had been out in the barn to groom their horses and get them in shape for the next day's hard ride. When they reëntered the house Jesse, being in considerable of a sweat, as they say in Missouri, shucked off his coat and threw it on the bed. A moment or two later, because he said so much artillery might create comment if he went out in the yard with it thus exposed, he took off his two guns and tossed them over by the coat.

In the room there hung two pictures. One of these said "God Bless Our Home," but that wasn't important. It was the other picture that attracted the attention of Jesse James. There was dust on it. Jesse couldn't stand dust. He reached for a brush, climbed on a chair, turned his face to the wall, and . . . that was the last of Jesse James.

Giving Jesse as much chance for his life as the army chaplain of '64, Detective Whicher, Conductor Westfall, the innocent victims of Centralia and a whole flock of bank cashiers had been given for theirs, Bob Ford plugged him square in the back!

For this outstanding act of heroism, which is certainly worthy of some of the masterpieces of the master hero himself, Mr. Ford got a number of things. He got arrested, he got tried, he got convicted, he got pardoned, and he also got a small piece of money, because, as was soon made clear, he had done the job for and in behalf of the great and sovereign state of Missouri.

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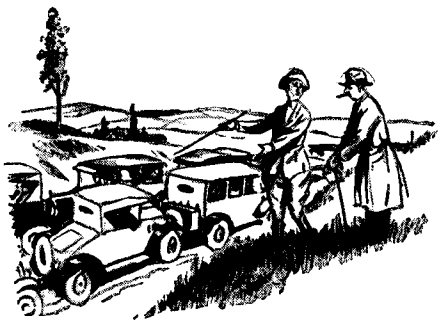


Tom Masson SAYS

Anyone who thinks that the members of large families don't stick together should watch the small cars go by on Sunday afternoon.

Walking recently in a city rainstorm, we saw several ducks in raincoats.

Now that a mechanical man who thinks by machinery has been invented, the next thing to do is to have him give a demonstration by writing a best seller.

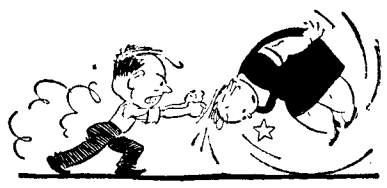
The buck fever of ye olden time has given way to the bunk fever of today.

"I may not move in the highest social circles," said the mule, "but I have background."

Calvin Coolidge, unlike George Washington, is in the embarrassing position of one whom everybody wants to catch in a lie—except the Democratic party.

The point of view does matter: The fly on the floor said: "Everything is upside down."

All road houses lead away from home.



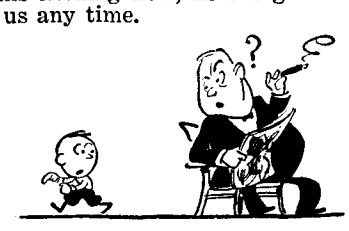
A German medium has lifted himself in the air thirty-five times without visible support. We know lots of men who marry girls without visible means of support who make a regular practice of hitting the ceiling.

Now that Theodore Dreiser has two valets can it be possible that to each of them he is only half a hero?

Motto for Chicago: "English broken here."

Mary Garden says she doesn't know The Star-Spangled Banner. She must be trying to qualify as a 100% American.

The proposed thirteen-month calendar will do away with leap year; which means nothing now, as the girls today get us any time.



Some people make their children go to Sunday school so they can have the comic supplements all to themselves.

The Valley Girl

Continued from page 21

It was a matter now of a bare minute or two before the fuse would be lighted. Then, while the three men should be running for the safety of their car or to the woods, the spark would sizzle its way along the prepared material inside the rubber until it should ignite the explosive.

The ripping open of the shale bank would turn the river into a new channel and would leave Jeff Christie's dam worthless and his labor thrown away.

In the girl's heart hot indignation swirled and a furious resolve that these skulking lawbreakers should not crush her loved brother's life hope and his sole chance to retrieve the fortune he had sunk into his enterprise.

SHE stepped on the accelerator. Planless but flamingly resolute, she dashed forward, leaving the byway and bearing down on the three workers in a car that rocked and swayed and bumped crazily over the uneven meadowland. Gerritt stooped to ignite the sputter fuse he had just placed. An exclamation from one of his two men made him turn his head and then leap to his feet, the match going out, unnoted, by dint of his sudden shift of position.

Bearing down upon him was a fast-driven runabout that lurched and humped along the meadow directly at him and his fellows.

It was driven by a woman in soft white muslin and with a scarlet and determined little face. Nor, as it drew close upon them, did it slacken speed. Instead, when they jumped instinctively to one side, the runabout shifted its direction and charged at the huddled trio.

Convinced that a maniac was chasing them, the three scrambled for safety up the steep shale bank, whence the car could not follow them. At the bank's base, and barely thirty feet from the prepared blast, Faith halted her car and sat frowning up at the men.

Then, and only then, she discovered her mistake.

While the car had been in motion and while the blasters were on foot in front of it in an open space, the advantage had all been hers. She could drive them before her through their fear of being run down. But now the car was at a halt and they were comfortably out of its reach.

Thus the situation had changed in an instant. No longer able to menace them, Faith was merely one unarmed and not overlarge girl at the merciless mercy of three rough men. Ham Gerritt and his two blasters realized the altered conditions as quickly as did she.

The foreman started down the bank toward her, grinning in open amazement.

"Miss," said he, "we're out-of-works from down Paterson way, aiming to get back at Jeff Christie for firing us last month. We got nothing against *you*. You can back around and be on your way as soon as you please. Get going!"

She did not reply, but sat transfixed, impotent, blazing her mute defiance at the three men as they descended from their hastily mounted perch. Ham Gerritt moved toward the fuse.

"There's due to be a nice little explosion here in a minute," said he. "If you stay where you are, you'll see it fine. But that's li'ble to be the last thing you ever will see. Best be on your way."

"Leave that alone!" she commanded shrilly as he neared the fuse and as he fumbled afresh in his pocket for a match. "Keep away from it!"

She leaped down from the car and took a step toward the contemptuously amused foreman. At her threatening motion Gerritt's two companions broke into a laugh. One of them strolled roguishly toward her. Ham Gerritt, match in hand, paused with hands on hips, his monkey-like face wrinkled with merriment.

"That'll be best, Raegal," he said. "Get her by the back of the neck and walk her as far as you can and as fast as you can till I signal you to let go. By that time the both of you will be out of reach of the blow-up. Her car will have to do an airplane stunt all by itself since she won't move it out of the way. It—"

He checked abruptly his speech of command.

As Faith got out of the machine two or three of the bundles were dislodged and came cascading to earth in her wake. One of them burst its string and its paper wrappings as it hit the ground. It was a package of Roman candles, taken from its wooden box by the Guseppe station agent to fit it better into the narrow confines of the car.

A long and plump Roman candle, in its cartridge of pink, rolled at Faith's very feet.

On inspiration she snatched it up and plunged her other hand into the car pocket, where were kept a box of matches for emergency use in the farm garage at night.

Shrinking nimbly aside from Raegal's advance, she struck a match and set the flame against the fuse of the Roman candle.

For a second the fuse sizzed doubtfully. Raegal's unwashed hand reached out again and caught Faith by the nape of the neck. She wrenched free with a jerk and whirled about, the Roman candle leveled.

There was a shower of sparks as she turned. Then, just as she confronted Raegal, who advanced on her with more determination this time, there was a plopping sound.

From the shakily pointed mouth of the Roman candle flared a ball of living and lurid fire. It smote the unsuspecting laughing blaster full on his bared and hairy chest.

Directly beneath the throat hollow it smote, a spattering and spitting blob of living fire. Raegal staggered back, howling with pain as he clawed at the living flame that cascaded over his chest and throat and chin.

But he was in no further immediate danger. Faith was leveling her terrifying weapon at Gerritt at almost point-blank range. The usually resourceful little blast foreman was taken wholly at a loss. He had been blinking in dazed unbelief at the sudden bombarding of Raegal, the utter novelty of the surprise attack robbing him of his alert presence of mind.

Now barely had he time to throw up a shielding arm to his face when a candle ball spatted his forward-thrust elbow and splashed a goodly amount of its fire on his cap.

Gerritt ducked and ran in at his strange opponent, arm still across his eyes. But he stopped in mid-charge as the fourth fireball landed at the base of his down-bent neck cascading down inside the neckband of his open shirt and spreading over the bare skin of his back.

A TRILLION hornets seemed to have found stinging lodgment between the foreman's shirt and skin from neck to hips.

He broke from cover, cursing sulphurously and trying to pat out the sparks that were igniting the back of his shirt.

In leisurely fashion, Faith turned the pink-cartridged Roman candle at the third and most distant man of the trio. This blaster did not wait for the sizzling cartridge mouth to emit further missiles. He ran. He continued to run with much concentrated energy.

Out of range of any further sizzling projectiles, the men came to a straggling halt; then drew toward one another as for council of war.

Faith did not wait for them to converge for such council.

Even as she put the third of them to flight, she began feverishly to make ready for the next possible move of the campaign. She was more than fairly certain that they would not give up definitely their supreme chance to blast the shale bank just because a girl had pelted them with a few fireballs.

They would return to the attempt. Unless she could continue to hold them off, her highly original method of dispersing their primal onset would go for nothing.

The two blasters came sheepishly over to Ham Gerritt, who had been the first of the runners to stop. The little foreman, dancing up and down with pain, was rubbing the smoldering back of his shirt against a tree to put out its sparks. The contact of his blistered flesh with the rough tree bark did not improve his hell-cat temper nor soften his language.

He glowered back at his torturer; then he forgot to swear and looked more intently.

Faith had gathered up the remaining Roman candles from the ground and tossed them back into the tonneau. Now she was ripping open a second parcel of them and laying them in a neat row along the running board.

As the men watched, she exhumed from a smaller packet a handful of punk sticks. One of these sticks she lighted, blowing on it and fanning it to make it keep on burning.

Even while she held and fanned the punk with one hand, she reached her other arm into the car and began to tear at the paper on a longer parcel. Under her ripping finger tips the heads of rockets came into view. So did a weighted rotary-emplacement socket, wherein rocket sticks can be fastened at any desired angle.

Gerritt came cautiously toward her, stopping just outside of Roman candle range. With a manifest effort at civility he hailed her.

"Hey, miss!" he demanded. "Don't you know you can get arrested for turning fireworks on folks? It's—"

"Don't you know you can be arrested, all three of you, for blasting where court injunctions forbid you to blast?" she retorted cheerily as she went on with her preparations for standing a siege.

SHE finished making a double line of Roman candles on the running board and opened a third packet of candles, which she placed in the car within easy reach. She laid other punk sticks in readiness and fastened the emplacement socket between two of the metal supports of the lowered car top.

Her arrangements complete, she stepped in front of the running board, the smoking punk in one hand and an enormous Roman candle in the other.

"I am going to stay here," she called to the men. "I shall stay here till dusk. By that time the fireworks can be seen from our house. As soon as they are seen someone will come to investigate. I have enough Roman candles and rockets to hold off a hundred men. None of you can get near enough to that sputter fuse over there to light it without being burned almost to death and certainly blinded. If you think I don't mean it, you can easily find out whether I do or not."

Faith was wholly cool; indeed, she was unnaturally, abnormally cool, obsessed with a coolness which amazed herself. It seemed to her just then the simplest, most everyday thing in the world to make and carry out this unique defense plan for the saving of her brother's life venture.

Balancing herself easily on the dry turf beside the car, she held the second and larger Roman candle poised ready for murderously blinding use. For a space the three men gaped at her, inert and dumb.

Then, as if shaking himself free of a ridiculous nightmare, Ham Gerritt came to life and motion. Long ago he had proved himself a born handler of men as well as an inspired rough-and-tumble fighter. He knew he could rely on his blasters to obey him in all normal crises. To his followers he turned, speaking rapidly.

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Then the two set off in opposite directions at right angles to their foreman, walking thus until they were perhaps a hundred yards from him. Gerritt, meantime, cut from a hemlock bush a half dozen limbs and arranged them in thick fan shape before his face and upper body. He could see through the forest of green needles, but the fan would be difficult to penetrate.

Arrived at their posts, the two blasters equipped themselves in similar fashion from some of the evergreen shrubs which cropped up at intervals everywhere in the meadow.

Gerritt whistled. All three advanced at a fast walk directly toward the length of sputter hose which lay idly on the grass in front of the filled blast hole. From three directions they were approaching their goal, but keeping their bough screens between themselves and Faith.

IT WAS toward the fuse they walked, not directly toward the girl, who stood some yards to the right of it. Steadily they moved, their gayly vivid screen fans in comic discord with their smudged raiment and unshaved faces.

Faith picked up a second candle, lighting the two at the smolder-end of the punk stick she had laid to hand. But she did not do this until the three men had come into what she judged to be her range of firing.

The twin candle cartridges sizzed and sputtered as she shook them. Then there was a plop from one candle, followed almost simultaneously by the discharge of a flame ball from the second.

One of the balls flew wide. The second struck true, in the center of Gerritt's hemlock face screen. Faith concentrated the aim of both candles on him. A ball grazed his boot. A second one burst against the thick fan.

"All right, boys!" yelled Gerritt. "It doesn't burn through enough to damage. Go to it!"

He and his companions changed their fast stride to a sprinting run, converging toward the fuse. Before they were half across the intervening stretch of drouth-crisp meadow grass they were wading through a rain of fire.

No longer did Faith aim for their shielded faces and heads. Ball after ball of living flame smote the running legs and the bodies from the chest down. The ensuing ignition of clothing and the eating through of the fire to the flesh beneath were unbearable.

Before the first of the two candles was empty one of the men dropped his screen in agony and ran, screeching, out of range.

Faith did not speed his flight, nor so much as follow it with her eyes. She was playing the remaining candle's last balls impartially on the two others, who had now come momentarily in a line with each other as they made for the fuse. At the same time she reached for another candle and lighted it from the sparks of the one she held.

Gerritt was within six feet of the sputter fuse. The screen no longer shielded the part of his face nearest the girl. A ball scraped the top of his bare head. As he bent to reach the fuse, another ball burst against his left ear, deluging his cheek and neck with its fierce-biting sparks.

He winced, pausing, in his effort to reach and light the fuse, to shift the screen between him and Faith. The shift was not a success. For the boughs making up the fan tumbled from his grasp. This because a ball from one candle had hit his fingers and one from the other had plopped against his hairy wrist. Faith was developing fine marksmanship.

The third man was in full view as Gerritt cringed back. Two fireballs bounced against him, one from his bare elbow, one from the tender flesh of the forearm.

(*Continued on page 38*)

"Captain, my little boy wants to steer the ship. It'll be all right; he's always been careful of his playthings"

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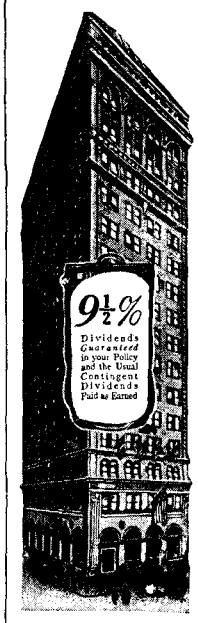

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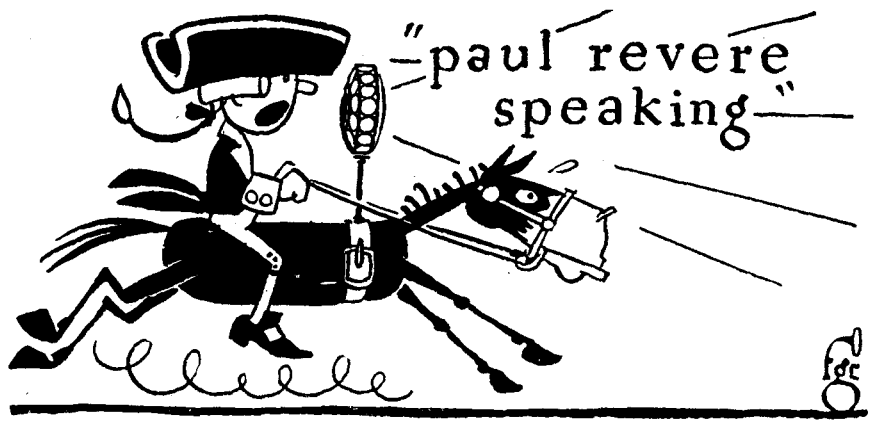


PICKED OUT OF THE AIR
BY JACK BINNS

A Vital Need

THE disastrous floods of the Mississippi Valley and New England States emphasize the necessity for reliable emergency means of communication. In practically all disasters of major proportions—earthquake, fire, flood or storm—existing means of communication are destroyed and much valuable time is lost in marshaling the relief forces.

Every state in the country that is subject to abnormal weather conditions should have a mobile broadcast station completely self-contained on a motor-truck chassis. This should be kept in readiness at all times for immediate service wherever required by emergencies. Such a station might be instrumental in saving many lives by transmitting reliable information to near-by unaffected areas and so permit a speedier and more effective coördination of relief measures. The station could be part of the National Guard equipment, so that it would have other practical uses in normal times.

This Beats Jules Verne

COMMANDER TAYLOR of the naval laboratories has found that some of the short-wave signals travel twice around the world, and that the signals on the second lap actually interfere with the first-lap signals.

It sounds like the Irishman who came home so late one night he met himself coming down the stairs the next morning.

Wired Wireless

QUITE recently a number of friends have asked me whether "wired radio" would supplant broadcasting, especially in view of the difficulty in clearing up the broadcast tangle of interference. "Wired radio" is the method of transmitting programs by carrier waves superimposed on the electric light and power lines. Reception would be achieved on rented receivers plugged into a wall socket and operated by a simple off-and-on switch.

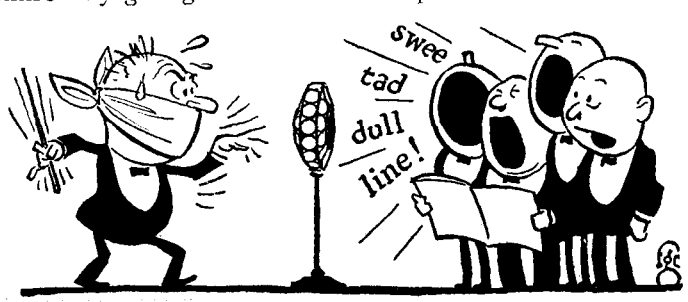
In my judgment the answer is NO! There are a number of technical problems involved in wired radio, and there is also the difficulty of eliminating induction noises. Aside from this, however, the general public has invested too much money in radio for the transfer to take place. In addition broadcasting adds the lure of distance to the choice of many programs. Moreover, there is the greatest charm of all in the mystery that surrounds the actual transmission of the waves through the intangible medium designated as "ether."

Tantalus Outdone

FREEMAN TALBOT, the impresarial guide of station KOA, declares radio is developing better quartets than the concert stage. The basis for his assertion is as follows:

"A director can appear with the quartet when it sings over the radio. He can maintain its performance at rehearsal standard. He can keep the singers in unison, can secure perfect attack and releases, fine nuances and intelligent phrasing—all without detracting from the appearance of the quartet as he would on the concert stage."

That may be true, but can't you just picture the mental anguish that director undergoes, fearing the worst at all times and invariably getting it, without being able to relieve himself by giving vent to vocal vituperation?



The Valley Girl

Continued from page 37

Another general flight, pursued by questing candle balls, carried the men out of range. All of them presented a sorry sight. All were in worse pain than if they had rolled in a hornets' nest.

But Gerritt knew well the value of the secret task he had undertaken this day and the fat bonus which was to be his should he carry it through. He was not minded to abandon a task which at the outset had promised to cause so little trouble or risk.

HIS men too, like himself, were smarting from the jokes of fellow workers at the way the whole doughty blast gang had scattered and fled some days earlier from a dog carrying a brace of dynamite duds. They had no intention of going back to camp defeated, to be laughed out of their highly paid jobs because a slip of girl had chased them with fireworks.

As Faith rearranged her ammunition Gerritt ceased cursing and spoke once more to his men. The girl watched them in unabated vigilance as they disappeared in the direction of the river, some distance downstream from the shale.

A minute or two later they were back in sight again; their garments pouring water from every inch. A wholesale soaking in the Reginskill's deepest pool had rendered the clothes immune, for a time at least, to the effects of Roman-candle fire.

Once more they carried screens of branches, the branches dripping wet. The hands and lower arms were swathed in rags torn from their underclothes and saturated with river water.

At first sight of them, afar off, Faith saw what they had been doing. She paid mental tribute to the simian Gerritt's generalship.

But, on that first glimpse of the soaked and dripping battlers, she herself shifted her plan of attack. Gerritt saw her drop the two Roman candles she held in readiness. He saw her snatch up the sheaf of largest skyrockets, shaking them loose from their binding and from one another. He saw her plant their sticks in crannies of the car edge and between outcropping rocks on the ground before her.

But, as he wondered what might be her new plan, he noted that none of the rocket heads pointed skyward. All were aimed in nearly the same general direction.

A moment's bewilderment; then Gerritt understood. The bending rockets commanded a sweep of ground perhaps sixty feet in area directly in front of the sputter fuse. Let her set them alight one by one in fast succession and that stretch of meadow would be filled with low-flying projectiles to the height of anywhere from the knee to the neck of the average man.

A recollection of a dog, speared clean through the body by a misdirected rocket—the beast's sides cut away by flame—flashed into the foreman's mind. This he himself had seen at a summer park pyrotechnic display not two years agone. The newspapers had carried an account of it too.

Yet the dog-slaying rocket had had nearly a hundred yards to travel before it found its canine mark. In that distance it had lost some of its initial momentum. At such close range as these rockets of Faith Christie's to the meadow patch, which must be crossed to get to the blast fuse, a rocket might well tear its way through a human body almost as easily as could a bullet.

Gerritt would have given a month's pay to have had a gun with him wherewith to cripple this slender little white-clad Amazon who was nullifying his highly paid task. He yearned to take her by her bronzed column of boyish throat and wring her neck.

His men, less quick to read the new move, looked at Gerritt with wondering impatience as he paused irresolutely, scowling at the serenely waiting girl.

"How about it, boss?" prompted one of them. "Thought up a better idea? It'll have to be darn good if it's better'n the one you just figgered out. Say, our clothes will be getting drier all the time. What are we waiting for?"

GERRITT stared almost pathetically at each of his followers in turn. Their blackened and blistered faces showed no doubt of his ability to steer them to dazzling triumphant victory in this or any other fray.

The dual look stung the little foreman as the fireballs had not been able to. They stung him to fresh resolve and they set his momentarily dazed brain to working afresh.

"You're dead right!" he answered feverishly. "I've 'thought up a better one.' Ten times better. A winner. I was a nitwit not to have thought of it straight off. Boys, we've got her. I tell you we've *got* her! Listen now, the both of you!"

(To be continued next week)

Starting in next week's COLLIER'S

The Woman Hunters

The story of a thief whose loot was lovely womanhood; of a gambler whose cards were courage and decency, and of a girl whose lure was more than wealth and beauty.

By ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

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The Snake in the Grass

Continued from page 12

"Oh—" she said. And then: "Good-by, Peter."

And she drove off, very quickly. She looked back, as she turned out of the drive, and he was still standing there, looking after her. Then she turned into the road. She'd seen the last of him.

But Charles, and the inevitable casting up of the account of their quarrel—how was she to go about that now? It hadn't been too pleasant a prospect before, when her conscience had been perfectly clear, and she'd been able to plan, quite clearly and sanely, how to try to make Charles understand how foolishly and uselessly and recklessly he was imperiling the whole structure of their happiness.

How could she do that now, with the memory of Peter's kiss upon her lips?

As it turned out, next day, she didn't even try. She couldn't.

Charles, so far as abstract matters went, had an excellent, a very clear and logical mind. But it wasn't much good when it came to definite, concrete cases. Charles ruled his life by an exact and rigid code. Some things were right; some were wrong. That was all right. The trouble was that Charles thought everyone else felt the same way he did, and that anyone who did anything he, personally, had listed as wrong did so knowing he was doing wrong.

But that wasn't why Anne didn't tell him about Peter. She was all set to do it when she drove out to take him swimming. But he was out waiting for her, and he waved a letter at her, and she saw right away that something had happened to drive the memory of their quarrel clean out of him.

"Anne!" he cried, as she stopped the motor. "Oh, Anne—I've got great news! The play—Treherne likes it! He wants to produce it. He's got Mary Train to promise to play Adele if he does!"

"Darling! How wonderful! That's perfectly marvelous!"

A FINE time this was to be telling him about Peter! And it wasn't as if there'd been anything, really. Besides, she'd never see Peter again, anyway, probably.

"Oh, it was bound to come!" said Charles. "I've always known I'd get my chance, if I stuck it out. But, of course—you might know—Treherne's anxious to do it, but—"

"Oh," said Anne, a little flatly.

"He says he lost a lot of money last year, and I know that's true—he had two or three plays that were artistic successes but box-office failures. And so—well—he says he can raise part of the money, but he wants me to find five thousand dollars—for a twenty per cent interest. It—it's a great chance! Think of having a share of the profits as well as the regular royalty I'd get anyway!"

"But you haven't got five thousand dollars," said Anne. "You can't touch your principal, can you?"

She scarcely knew her own voice, it sounded so queer. Money! How she hated it! The thing she'd always loved most about Charles was that he didn't care anything about money. But now—he'd sounded—oh, greedy. It was the only word.

"I know I haven't," said Charles, a little dashed. "I think I can borrow it, though; I can find someone to lend it to me. It's perfectly safe. They can't lose."

"Why can't they?" said Anne. And, all at once, she knew where she'd heard the queer, new note in her own voice before. It was like her father's, when he was talking, as she'd heard him do sometimes, with people who came to the house and took advantage of being there to try to get him to back some scheme they had. "Why can't they lose, Charles? Lots and lots of plays fail."

"Mine won't," said Charles. "What are you trying to do? Discourage me?"

"No, of course not," she said. "But—"

"You leave it to me. I'm going to town tonight — I've got to see Treherne, and I'll look up some men I know. I'm not going to let this chance get away from me! It's the foothold I've needed."

Anne said nothing more. There was nothing for her to do, she knew. Charles would have to manage as best he could. But she felt queer.

Charles was away all week, until Friday. Anne met his train when he came back, and the first glimpse she got told her that it wasn't good news he was bringing. Her heart went out to him then; he looked so tired and hot and worn.

"I think it's going to be all right," he said. "There's nothing definite yet. I—I couldn't do anything about the money. But Treherne's going to try again himself—he really does want to do the play. I—I guess it's going to be all right."

"I know it is," said Anne. "Poor lamb—you're dead, aren't you? Let's hurry—you'll have time for a bath before dinner. I told them to have it late."

And then, as she stood on the platform, still holding on to Charles' arm, her heart missed a beat. For, coming straight toward her, kit bag in hand, golf bag slung over his shoulder, was Peter. He grinned as he saw her, and she stared, until Charles turned to see what it was all about.

"Hello, Lane!" he said, surprised. "What are you doing up here?"

"Why—hello!" said Peter. "Wait a second—I've got it—Fremont! Lord—it's five years since I saw you! How are you, Miss Murray?"

"I—I'm fine!" said Anne. She laughed. She hated the way her voice broke, but, after all—! "But—do you two know each other?"

"We were in the same class," said Peter. He looked at Charles; he looked at Anne. And his eyes said a lot, if his lips didn't.

"I didn't know you knew Lane," said Charles to Anne.

"We met at the club dance last week," said Anne.

"Oh! I see," said Charles. "Funny I didn't see you, Lane. I was there."

"I didn't meet Mr. Lane until after—after you'd gone home," said Anne.

"Yes," said Peter. "You must have checked out early."

"I did," said Charles, briefly. Anne knew the look in his eye. She believed it was the first time he'd remembered about the row. Now that would be coming up. Damn Peter, anyway! And what was he doing up here? Not but that, she thought, she'd find out, and not, for that matter, but that she thought she knew already, and not—she being human, after all—but that part of her wasn't singing little pagan songs of triumph. But part of her felt a little cheap, too.

"Well, I'm going to the inn, and I see the bus is champing at the throttle," said Peter. "Be seeing you, shall I?"

"By all means," said Charles. "Call me up—I'm in the book."

Anne didn't say anything, and Peter went off. Charles looked after him, without approval.

"Queer place for Lane to come," said Charles. "Too quiet for him, unless he's changed. He was pretty wild in college. I'll bet he's after something."

"We must fly," said Anne. She got Charles into the car, and she drove, on the way home, in a manner to discourage speech.

Dinner was pretty bad. Mr. Murray didn't like Charles, but he was a just man, and a fairly kindly one, and he knew nothing against his prospective son-in-law. It seemed to him, probably, only courteous to inquire about the play and the degree of success Charles had had on his trip to town. But that was a mistake, because Charles thought he wanted to know, and went into everything in great detail, including the profits to be gained by anyone who gave Treherne five thousand dollars for a fifth share in the play. Anne writhed. She knew Charles wasn't trying to hint that he'd like her father to put up the money, but that was what it sounded like.

"I hope you will find someone to—ah—invest the money," said Mr. Murray. "My own rule is never to invest money in any enterprise I do not fully understand—indeed, I rarely invest in any undertaking I do not control myself."

ANNE was furious at her father for misunderstanding Charles, and at Charles for being so clumsy.

They parted amicably enough, with the conventional embrace of the happily affianced without Anne having told Charles about Peter. But Anne felt low in her mind as she drove home. The whole thing was a mess. Why had Peter had to come back? The brief thrill the sight of him, with all its implications, had given her had faded out long ago.

She wasn't really surprised, though, to see him waiting when she got home. He was by the entrance of the driveway, in white flannels, and he came over as the car skidded to a stop.

"Hello!" he said. "Thought you'd be coming along. Could we—is it too late to have a bit of a talk?"

"Oh, no!" she said. "And suppose it was? Come on—we might as well! I'll put the car up and we can sit on the porch."

Peter looked about approvingly. Andrew Murray had never been bitten by the bug that makes rich men go in for acres of lawns and pedigreed trees and forty-room cottages; the Murrays still spent their summers in the old, remodeled house in which Anne had been born.

"Nice little place," he said. "It's a relief, too. I thought only plutocrats lived around here."

Anne glanced at him. Then, in the darkness, she smiled. It didn't matter a bit what Peter thought about her, but it was sort of nice that he didn't know who her father was.

"Well," he said, as they found seats on the porch. "Here I am."

"So I've noticed," said Anne, shrewishly. "What of it?"

"Unconditional surrender. Officers would like to keep their side arms, but it's up to you."

"Wh-what do you mean?" Anne gasped. This was twice, now, that Peter had surprised her—really, honestly, surprised her.

"Like to marry you, please," said Peter. "Any time and place convenient to you."

"But—I'm engaged!" said Anne.

(*Continued on page 40*)

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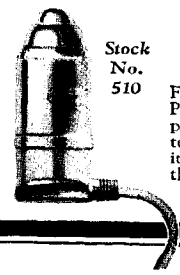

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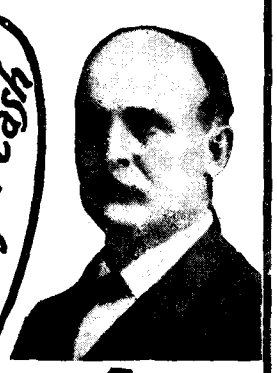

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The Snake in the Grass

Continued from page 39

"Peter—you—why—you haven't known me a week—and you knew I was engaged—it's only the second time I've seen you—and I'm engaged to—"

"Yes. Saying you're engaged three times leaves you engaged exactly once. I learned that repetition doesn't always strengthen a statement in Rhetoric A. So did Charles. Sure, I know you're engaged. Didn't know till tonight you were engaged to Charles, though. To hell with Charles."

"Peter!" A sudden suspicion had crossed her mind. "Peter, you haven't been drinking, have you?"

"NOT unless you call one rotten cocktail in a coffee cup drinking. I'm not tight, if that's what you mean. I just know you're not going to marry Charles. And it's a cinch you'll be marrying somebody. So'll I. I've been thinking it over, and it's all right being off women, but one of 'em'll marry me, some time—bound to. So—well, I'd rather it was you."

"Why won't I marry Charles?"

"Oh, why go into that?" he said, wearily. "I knew last week you wouldn't be marrying the bozo you were engaged to, whoever he was. And now that I know it's Charles—my good gosh, girl, I saw the man every day for four long years! He's the sort of thing you dig up when the tide goes out. He always was, and he always will be."

"If you think you're going to make me—li-like you by saying beastly things about Charles behind his back—!" Anne was furious.

"I told you last week I wasn't being a gentleman any more," he said, patiently.

"Yes—and you said a lot of other things too! And then you have the cheek to come here tonight and—"

"Through with shibboleths," said Peter, cheerfully. "Not going to be a gentleman—going to be as inconsistent as I please. I'm still off women, but you're not women—you're you. And you can exploit me all you please and make me like it."

"Thanks—but I'd rather not!" said Anne. And she laughed, on a high, hysterical note of rage. "I love Charles, and I'm engaged to him, and I'm going to marry him!"

"When?"

"When? Why—I—oh, I don't know—"

"I hope to tell you you don't! My dear, use your bean. Only a girl with a pot of money could afford to marry Charles. He's a good enough egg, but there's nothing there. No natural resources. You can exploit an empty hole in the ground all you please, but you can't turn it into a gold mine."

Anne fought for self-control.

"Peter—please," she said. "You're being absurd and rather offensive. Money isn't the only thing that counts—"

"Maybe not. But it's a help. Take Charles. He's been writing plays for five years, and what's it got him? I admire him for sticking to it, but if I'd done something for that long and hadn't made a plugged nickel I'd begin to wonder if I hadn't missed my vocation."

"Ah," said Anne. "But you're not an artist."

"I know. I don't pretend to be. The point is—is Charles? Not that I'd care, mind you, if you didn't have this fool idea of marrying him. That's the only reason I'm taking all this time to show you he's one of nature's errors in judgment."

"But—" Anne was glad it was dark; she was flushed with rage, and angry tears kept coming into her eyes. "They're going—his last play's going to be produced this fall."

"Maybe," said Peter, maddeningly. "If he digs up five thousand dollars."

"Oh!" said Anne, a little flatly. "Has he told you?"

"No—Treherne did. He gave me the play to read. He wanted me to put in the money."

"You?" she said. "But—"

He grinned.

"Sure. Me. I. You—you sort of jumped to conclusions last week. I've got plenty of money. Too darned much. I put some into a play now and then. It's amusing. I couldn't see chucking any of it in Charles' play, though. It's a sure flop. Treherne's got a genius for picking the dodo birds. Of course, I may be wrong—it's easy to guess wrong in show business. But if this draymer of Charles' has a chance they ought to revive that flop they had last winter that failed so quick they didn't even play the last act the opening night."

For once Anne was silent. There was something about the way Peter spoke that chilled her. He sounded as if he knew what he was talking about.

"I'm sorry, Anne," he said. His tone had changed. "The sooner you get wise to yourself, though, the better off you'll be. And the sooner Charles turns to bricklaying or some suitable occupation like that the sooner he'll be able to get in the game and amount to something."

She lifted her head proudly, then.

"After all!" she said. "You're not infallible, are you? There's Treherne—and Charles believes in his play—and—and—so do I."

"Sure," said Peter. He was being sweet, now; his voice was like a caress. "Look here—I'll put up the five thousand. I'll lend it to Charles, instead of going in with Treherne—I wouldn't want to back down to him, after what I'd said—"

"No!" said Anne. "If you think I'd let you do that—! If Charles took your money I'd never speak to either of you again! Why, if that were all I—" She stopped. She wondered, not for the first time, just why she herself hadn't instantly offered Charles the money.

"All right—that's out," said Peter. "I see your point. Sorry. Anyway, I'm glad we've had this little talk, aren't you? It's cleared the air, don't you think?"

She just looked at him and he sighed, patiently.

"Good night, Anne," he said.

And he went off, singing the chorus of Hallelujah in a low but very cheerful voice. Anne looked after him. Then she laughed. She'd been furious, but she wasn't, now, really, though she didn't want him to know it. She was amused, but she was a little sad, too.

One thing was sure, though. She was through with Peter. She wouldn't be seeing him again unless she took steps to that end, and that she wouldn't do. She felt so when she went to bed, and once in the night she woke up in a fine rage at the memory of the way he'd talked, and in the morning she was still angry and resentful, and full of remorse, too, about the way she'd treated Charles. He didn't know he'd been badly treated, of course, and she didn't see how she ever was going to tell him, now. But she was going to make up to him for that. And as for Peter, she just wouldn't see him again.

THAT was all good, sound thinking. Or would have been had anyone but Peter been involved. She found that out soon after breakfast. It was a morning tide that week end, and she was just about to start out to fetch Charles when he called up.

"Hello, Anne," he said. "Don't bother to come for me, dear. Lane's bought a car, and he's out here now, and he's going to take me to the beach. We'll meet you there."

"All right," she said. And then, after he'd hung up: "What do I do now, exactly?"

Wait and see, she thought. Peter was clever. But, with her lips set in a firm, hard line, she made up her mind that, no matter how clever he was, it would do him no good.

But it did, if to see her a lot in the next week was what he wanted, which it seemed to be. Her hand was forced, rather. Charles seemed to like Peter, and she couldn't very well tell him what a false friend, what a snake in the grass, Peter was without opening up matters she wasn't in a position to discuss.

She couldn't very well refuse to talk to him or to play golf. All the time, though, she had a feeling that this was just an interlude; that he was up to something.

And what it was she found out, at the very end of a week in which she'd lost two pounds and about half her sleep. Peter had been away all day, and didn't turn up until late, on the beach. He came down, all dressed up, and his eyes were shining.

"News!" he said, and Charles looked at him, excited. "The Fremont-Lane Syndicate is about to declare a dividend!"

"What's this?" said Anne, suspiciously.

"Already?" cried Charles. "Lane—you don't mean you've brought it off?"

"That's what I've done nothing else but," said Peter. "Here's the lay-out, Anne. Charles, here, needed five thousand dollars to get his play produced. I'd have lent him the money, but I had a better hunch. Anyone can make money—anywhere. So I took a look around, and I spotted some land, near Charles' shack, that looked to me as if it had possibilities. I put up fifty dollars—I made Charles dig up as much. I took the hundred and bought a thirty-day option on that land—knowing that the Central Railroad had some plans for that section. I closed the deal today. Here's your check for your half, Charles—nine thousand, two forty-five, seventy-six."

Charles seized the check. He looked at it reverently.

"In a week!" he said. "My stars!"

ANNE looked at Peter, and he met her eye unflinchingly. And she could see why. It was all right. She hadn't barred something like this—couldn't have, even if she'd thought of it, which she hadn't.

"So you're all set," said Peter to Charles. "You can put up the cash and Treherne'll do your play."

Something happened to Charles' eyes.

"Ye-es," he said. "But—I don't know—I don't quite like the idea of risking five thousand dollars of my own money—"

Anne started. She didn't dare to look at Peter. If she had she would have seen that his eyes were calm, and unsurprised, and full of a curious, patient tolerance, as if that sort of reaction to sudden riches were not wholly new to him.

"If Treherne wants to do the play he ought to finance it—that's his business!" said Charles. "I'm an author, not a manager! And—my Lord, I've been thick—I've known about that land ever since I've been up here—I never thought—I could use five thousand dollars now to buy more land and make—Lane, let's keep on, shall we? Let's keep the syndicate going?"

Peter shook his head.

"No, thanks—it was a special flyer for me; it's out of my line, really," he said. "You do as you please, of course, yourself. So—you think you won't back the play?"

"No!" said Charles, with decision. "It's too risky."

Suddenly he thrust the check at Anne.

"Here—hold this!" he said. "I—I've got to have a swim! I'm all excited! All this time—but watch my smoke from now on!"

He dashed away from them, into the water; began swimming out, with swift, powerful strokes.

Peter looked once at Anne, and then away. He took a step or two away, vastly unconcerned about her. Until he heard her voice, low, very low.

"Peter!"

He was at her side in a moment.

"Yes?"

"Peter—how am I going to tell Charles I'm not going to marry him?"

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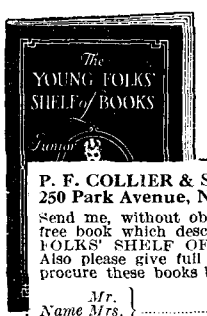

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How's Your Cold?

Continued from page 10

nose and mouth when he coughs or sneezes.

2. He should treat his used handkerchiefs as infected material and keep them in a paper container until they are laundered. Ideally, handkerchiefs used during the course of a coryza should be paper, disposed of by burning.

3. He should refuse social engagements.

4. He should keep away from children conscientiously.

To Treat Acute Coryza:

COLDS are, unfortunately, so common, and so lightly considered, that few people consult doctors about them. Most people treat their own colds and have more or less elaborate theories and systems. We suggest a few rules for such home treatment:

First: Take your temperature regularly twice a day, preferably at noon and at four in the afternoon. If at any time the thermometer reads more than 99 degrees by mouth, give up your home treatment and see a doctor.

Second: Stay in bed for the first twenty-four hours, and it is very probable that the second twenty-four will be hours of convalescence.

Third: Drink all the water you can manage, and add the juice of two lemons to a part of it.

Fourth: Take a mild cathartic whether you think you need it or not.

Fifth: Do not take depressant drugs. If you have a headache, it is probable that you have a temperature and should not be treating yourself. If you have a headache without temperature the depressant drugs (the coal tars, such as aspirin, phenacetin and acetanilid) are the last thing you need. Try rest instead. Your headache probably comes from the eyes. Therefore do not read all day while you stay in bed.

Sixth: Spend your hours of rest in the sunlight while possible and in a room with the windows open.

Seventh: When the acute stages are past exert yourself very little for at least three days. Relapses are frequent.

To be successful, any treatment of a cold must be early. People wait until the infection is well grounded, and then expect the doctor to eradicate it.

When is a cold NOT a cold?

Very often. And it is important to know when for many reasons. When a cold is not a cold it should not be treated at home.

Many SEVERE INFECTIONS start with symptoms that most people confuse with simple cold symptoms. For instance:

1. *Sore throat:* There is the possibility of *tonsillitis*, a highly infectious disease, with frequent dire complications, such as rheumatism, middle-ear disease or heart trouble; of *scarlet fever;* of *diphtheria.*

2. *Cough:* If of any severity, there is the possibility of *laryngitis;* of *bronchitis;* of *pleurisy;* of *pneumonia.* Except in the last instance, there is not necessarily much fever.

3. *High fever,* with any of the symptoms of a cold: There is the possibility of any one of the acute infections, including the most dreaded, such as infantile paralysis and mastoiditis.

4. *Pain in the chest,* with any of the symptoms of a cold: There is the possibility not only of the severer forms of respiratory infection, but of appendicitis as well.

5. *Joint pains:* In these the cold must be considered a rheumatic infection, and the importance of examination by a doctor cannot be overrated.

In other words, you must be a pretty good diagnostician to decide that you have just a "simple cold."

The best way to keep from becoming a "cold addict"—and there are lots of them in our cities nowadays—is never to take cold. Or, once having a cold, never let it "take its course."

We must remember that coryza is a disease of civilization. Its vehicle, the means by which it travels from its resting habitat to your body, is dust—city dust.

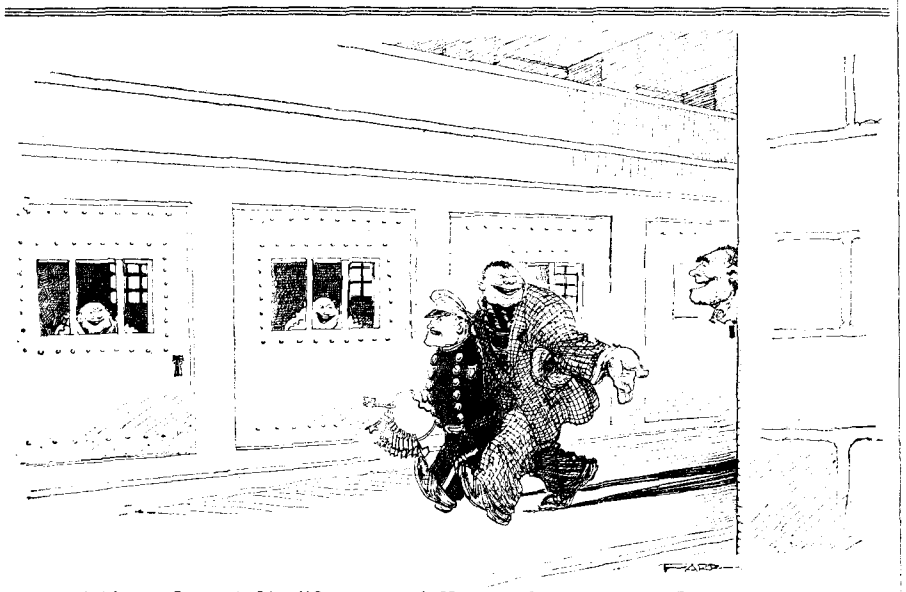
After someone in the family has had a cold the dust of the house is more contaminated than before. Therefore at all times the house should be cleaned by the dustless or dust-removing method. After illness, disinfectant cleaning should be added.

Watch That Dust!

FLAT surfaces which are out of reach of the ordinary dusting should not be forgotten. Dust settles on the tops of window frames, door frames and picture frames, and when a window is opened, or there is any unusual circulation of air, this dust is displaced and again becomes a part of the household.

The vacuum cleaner, the oil mop and the damp or oiled duster are the boons of the modern housekeeper, replacing the old-fashioned broom and the feather duster which we used when we did not believe in germs.

Even if you do the best you can toward living a dustless life, you will still contract coryza if you allow your resistance to get low. Remember, the germs which cause colds are weak—we might even call them poor sports. They only hit a fellow when he's down. If you do your part by keeping up your sleep, your diet, your exercise and your recreation, they will not attack you—provided, of course, you do not meet a strong strain of them by associating with someone who has already given them a chance to strengthen themselves by allowing himself to get a "cold."



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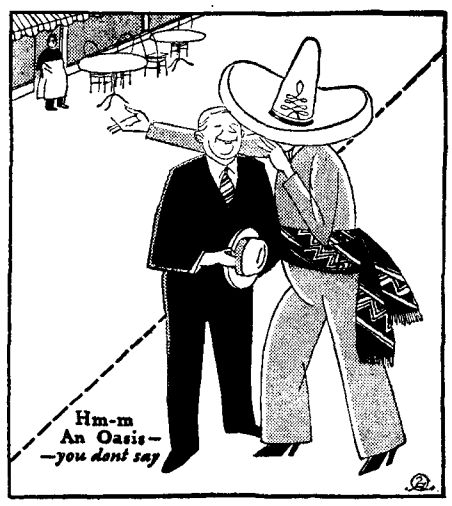

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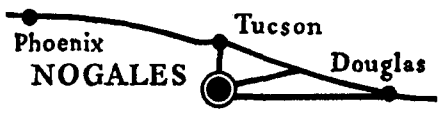

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Worth Your Money

Continued from page 9

The next step is to arrange for adequate handling of the interest aroused. If your goods are sold through dealers, trade connections must be made. If your goods are sold by mail, the mail-order machinery must be set up and well oiled. Whether your goods are sold in your own stores or through dealers, the sales people must be coached. Fortunes have been blown away by arousing public interest only to disappoint it.

When this foundation work has been accomplished, you are ready to begin to build. The growth of a business through national advertising is like other natural growths. It can be divided into distinct stages. The curve looks like the letter S. First there is a slow advance, then comes a period of extremely rapid growth. Finally the rate of growth smooths into maturity.

ARE COMPANIES EFFICIENT BECAUSE THEY ARE BIG, OR ARE THEY BIG BECAUSE THEY ARE EFFICIENT? I say that efficiency is the cause and bigness is the result. The two just NATURALLY GO TOGETHER. But in what specific way is a big company more efficient, so that it can give you more for your money? The essentials of manufacturing are materials, machinery and men. The big company can buy raw materials at a lower price: not merely because favored by sellers but because better informed on trends. The big company has better machinery: not merely because it has the necessary volume and capital, but because better informed on new inventions and discovery. The big company has better organization and specialization of its men: not merely because it has a larger working force, but because informed on management methods. The money which is being made by the big national advertisers, therefore, does not come from you and me but rather from Old Man Efficiency. The greater the output the less the cost per unit. One of the best examples of low costs from big production is the penny box of matches. If you hired a carpenter to make a box of matches, they would undoubtedly cost you several dollars.

A Universal Trait

THE big corporations also save money because they can take advantage of the latest scientific methods. By using the methods of geophysics engineers during the past four years found more than twenty Southern oil deposits where in twenty years but four had been found. They located some of them hundreds of feet underground without digging.

Scientific methods often call for big resources to originate and perfect, but once in action bring equally big savings. I have been informed that in the evaporation ponds of the Great Salt Lake district a few tractors do the work of forty men with wheelbarrows and in a fraction of the time. Such are the economics of bigness.

One of the most notable trends in today's business is that toward mergers. Competition FORCES mergers, and mergers foster national advertisers.

You will notice that all the economics I have mentioned relate to MAKING goods rather than selling them. Steinmetz foresaw cost cutting in selling and the coming of mass distribution. This means that advertising will become a still more powerful agent, for it is hard to picture mass distribution except as related to tremendous national advertising.

There may be important developments of the idea embodied in the coin-in-the-slot vending machines. This basic principle ought to be readily applied to a great variety of products besides gum, cigarettes, etc., and sales ought to increase fivefold or tenfold in a short time.

Why is it necessary to take up a sales person's time when you are buying Smith Brothers Cough Drops, Three-in-One Oil, Gillette Blades, Williams' or Mennen's Shaving Soap, Lucky Strikes, Fatimas, Camels, etc.? The coin-in-the-slot principle is economically so sound that if coins such as 15-cent pieces would increase convenient purchase the government should mint them.

You may object that the storekeeper wants his clerks to have a chance to sell you something else every time you buy anything. But all storekeepers ought to know that it is money thrown away to substitute a clerk's patter for the powerful voice of national advertising.

AMONG THE DEEPEST TRAITS OF HUMAN NATURE IS FEAR OF THE UNKNOWN. FOR UNTOLD GENERATIONS MAN HAS FEARED AND FLED FROM THE UNFAMILIAR. A band of primitive savages will run from the strange devices of explorers. JUST SO A GROUP OF HIGHLY CIVILIZED SHOPPERS TURN AWAY FROM GOODS NOT MADE KNOWN BY NATIONAL ADVERTISING.

Advertising, therefore, is based squarely upon a most imperishable characteristic of humanity. It is also based upon efficiency and practical common sense. A certain product is bought and used for the first time. An experiment always implies some risk. If the product proves satisfactory, it is obviously advantageous to be able to be sure of getting this same product again when needed. In the old days before the age of advertising, life was just one experiment after another. The lessons of experience were futile; shopping was a continuous gamble.

I have conducted during the past twenty-five years what might be called an advertising laboratory. In advertising my statistics and economics I have learned how advertising reduces sales resistance and increases sales. The principle brought out is fundamental. It fits not merely publishing but breakfast foods, machine tools and all other products. You can classify industries but you cannot classify human nature. People are all in one class—the class that is interested in the right kind of advertising.

NATIONAL ADVERTISING IS A MEASURE OF PROSPERITY NOT ONLY FOR ONE INDIVIDUAL CONCERN, NOT ONLY FOR AN ENTIRE INDUSTRY BUT FOR THE NATION AS A WHOLE. NATIONAL ADVERTISING AND NATIONAL PROSPERITY SOAR OR SINK IN UNISON. During a period of economic expansion, when advertising appears in large volume, general business is also at a high level; during a period of economic depression, when advertising is meager, general business is at a low ebb. My charts give an appearance as though advertising were a kind of accelerator for the automobile of business. This is why national advertisers have a national responsibility. Upon them, to a large degree, falls the duty of keeping business in balance, neither forcing it into a reckless boom nor letting it into an equally senseless panic.

Advertisements such as those of the Prophylactic Company, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, etc., can educate the public most vitally.

A New Monopoly

BUT advertising educates somebody besides the public—it educates the advertiser. It educates him to adhere to the golden mean between antiques and antics. He learns the necessity of keeping his promises and the folly of arousing expectations which he cannot fulfill. He learns the desires and ideas of all kinds of people from coast to coast. National advertisers are making the money because advertising is the master teacher of how to make money. A national advertiser is the most highly educated person in the world. He knows a lot, and he knows it well because it has been beaten into him by a hundred million or more people.

Among the national advertisers who are making the money I include not only corporations but also communities. California is one of the best national advertisers I know, and California has a wealth of assets and even greater prospects. Florida advertised well, but none too wisely. The reverses can be traced in part to injudicious publicity. This state is still a land of wealth, and with sounder advertising may in due time spell opportunity instead of frenzy.

Another reason why national advertisers are making the money is that the influence of the middleman—the old-time wholesaler and jobber—is waning. Certain of the more alert and able wholesale houses will survive, but the trade as a whole may lose ground. This means that the retailer, being less under the thumb of the trade, will turn more completely toward nationally advertised merchandise.

It will at once occur to you to ask: if the bigness of a company enables it to save the public so much money, why try to bust the trusts? Instead, why not encourage rather than destroy them? The situation is that the trusts had certain evils. Instead of focusing on these evils, a blind attack was made on the trusts as a whole, with the effect of killing both the evil and the good elements. From an economic viewpoint there can be no question that this indiscriminate attack was utterly stupid and has seriously handicapped the country.

National advertising, however, has opened the way to a new and desirable monopoly. It can create automatically a great and useful type of trust which is placed by public loyalty beyond the reach of jackass legislators. Such a trust, founded not upon selfishness but service, will endure and expand long after the decay of corporations dependent upon the shifting sands of the monopoly of natural resources, the temporary protection of tariff, and other privileges, subsidies and artificial crutches.

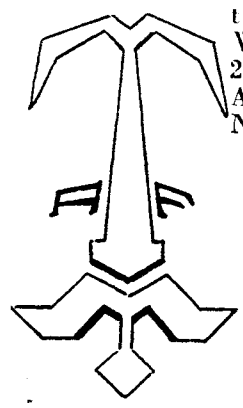
The only economically sound and lasting monopoly is not a monopoly of natural resources but a monopoly of human resources, fairly earned and firmly held through the good will created by national advertising.

The All-America Football Teams were selected for Collier's each year since 1889 by Walter Camp and later by Grantland Rice. Mr. Rice recently pointed out that in earlier years most of the players were chosen from the Northeast, but gradually the All-America honors have radiated to the Central West, the Far West, and the South. This greatly interested me because it exactly checks with similar tendencies of industrial, mercantile, financial and other economic wave movements which I am constantly studying.

If Collier's had also selected each year a team of All-America Advertisers, I believe there would appear the

Nameographs

Collier's pays $5.00 for each published Nameograph. Address: Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.



"Taft," by Mrs. B. H. Norton, 2127 Noyes Street, Evanston, Ill.

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same westward and southward trend. For a preliminary group of 1927 All-America Advertisers we might nominate such a group as the following:

1. Food Products: Campbell's Soup
2. Building and Construction: Stone & Webster
3. Household Equipment: General Electric Co.
4. Apparel: Hart, Schaffner & Marx
5. Public Utilities: American Telephone & Telegraph Co.
6. Industrial Equipment: Timken Roller Bearing Co.
7. Transportation: General Motors
8. Banking and Finance: National City Co. of N. Y.
9. General Service: Metropolitan Life Ins. Co.
10. Religion and Education: Encyclopædia Britannica
11. Community: California

As an instance of how advertising automatically establishes a beneficent monopoly, it is interesting to observe that certain nonadvertising distributors deliberately choose nationally advertised brands as "leaders." The idea is that when for a low price you are offered a nationally advertised product you will know at once that it is a bargain. On the other hand, a low price on an unknown product means nothing. You may get a bargain or you may get bitten. Could there be a plainer proof of the significance of advertising?

Advertising is extremely selective. It automatically prohibits the worthless and promotes the valuable. Essentially, that is why a monopoly created by advertising must be in the public service.

Furthermore, advertising is constantly tending to smooth out the economic holes and humps. Advertising can help to iron out the violence of seasonal feasts and famines so as to secure steady year-round activity and help to keep a better balance among different industries and different localities.

THIS CONTROLLING, GOVERNING, DIRECTING AND STABILIZING SERVICE IS AN IMMENSE FACTOR IN NATIONAL WELFARE. IT IS ONE MORE COUNT IN FAVOR OF NATIONAL ADVERTISING AS ONE OF THE ESSENTIAL ELEMENTS OF NATIONAL PROSPERITY.

At all times advertising is IMPORTANT; but during an era of weak prices it is IMPERATIVE. Nearly ten years have now elapsed since the peak of the post-war boom. During this period the broad trend of general commodity prices has been declining or weak—as was foretold by the experience of other wars. In a remarkable way this has divided all companies into money-makers and money-losers. Ten years of price weakness have brought SUCCESS to the advertisers selling MANUFACTURED GOODS; but FAILURE to non-advertisers selling RAW materials. Electrical equipment has done well; copper has done badly. The automobile has been extremely successful; steel less so.

Good Earners

TO SUMMARIZE the record for a few leading groups:

Some lines which have risen *above average in prosperity:* Automobiles, most automobile accessories, electrical equipment, certain food products.

Some lines which have fallen *below average in depression:* Copper, steel, most other metals, coal, oil, sugar, cloth, certain machinery, leather.

The lesson is unmistakable: the national advertisers are making the money.

THERE IS NO REASON WHY A RAW MATERIAL CANNOT BE EFFECTIVELY ADVERTISED.

National advertisers are in the sound and strategic position of an investor who diversifies his risk by spreading out commitments over many localities and many groups of customers. When some markets are down others are up, and the resultant is steadiness of profit in spite of local changes. NATIONAL ADVERTISERS ARE NATIONAL INVESTORS, AND HE WHO INVESTS IN OUR NATION AS A WHOLE HAS SATISFIED HIMSELF WITH MAXIMUM SECURITY. THE ONLY REAL SECURITY IS COURAGE.

National advertisers are good earners because their advertising reaches not only prospective new customers but maintains the interest and loyalty of old customers. Customers, like other friends, must be cultivated to be kept.

You know how important contact is in personal relations. How much more essential is it for a corporation, which is said—falsely—to have no soul!

Retailers as well as the consuming public are reached through national advertising. Thus national advertising does double duty, bringing together the person who buys and the person who sells your goods, and educating them simultaneously. There has been heavy mortality in the retail field. My observation is that the retailer most likely to survive and prosper under the very trying conditions ahead is the merchant who allies himself with the power and profit of nationally advertised goods.

The Stock Market Verdict

OTHER judges and juries may be swayed by various influences, but the stock market is singularly hard-boiled. It registers but one sentiment and responds to but one golden string; namely, profits. You can, therefore, give considerable weight to the stock market's views on national advertisers.

IF YOU CHART, AS I HAVE DONE, THE AVERAGE PRICE OF ALL STOCKS ON THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE, THE COURSE FROM 1923 TO THE END OF 1927 WILL BE REPRESENTED BY A TORTUOUS LINE SLOWLY RISING FROM 60 TO ABOUT 77. ON THE SAME CHART THE AVERAGE PRICE OF THE STOCKS OF A GROUP OF THE MOST PROMINENT NATIONAL ADVERTISERS IS SHOWN BY AN IMPRESSIVE UPWARD SWING FROM 73 TO ABOUT 210.

Here is evidence which is severely practical and cold-blooded. The stock market may err for short intervals and for individual companies, but it appraises with great fidelity the group values over a prolonged period. The stock market is one of the most convincing advertisements of the value of advertising.

One explanation of the stock market's accuracy as an indicator of values, both present and prospective, is that it gives a consensus of opinion of many minds. It may be described as the verdict of a nation.

In other ways than in the stock market there is developing a national unity. Every forward step in transportation and communication, from the steamship and railroad to the airship, bus line and visual radio, is helping to make our forty-eight states more truly united. National advertising will become more and more essential as cities merge into the surrounding countryside. Southern people are spending their summers in the North and Northern people are spending their winters in the South. The West and East are visiting one another more frequently. Never before has the national advertiser addressed himself to an audience that so completely speaks the same language and responds to common appeals.

To this common tongue national advertising has made real contributions. In fact, the advertiser has to guard against too liberal adoption of his names. He sometimes has to struggle hard that Kodak shall mean Eastman and not camera, or that Victrola shall suggest Victor and not phonograph. This very difficulty is proof of the reach and grip of national advertising.

I remember hearing of the stranger who met W. L. Douglas and remarked to him:

"I beg pardon, sir, but your face seems familiar."

"It ought to seem familiar; I have spent millions to make it so."

And the child on the Mediterranean steamship.

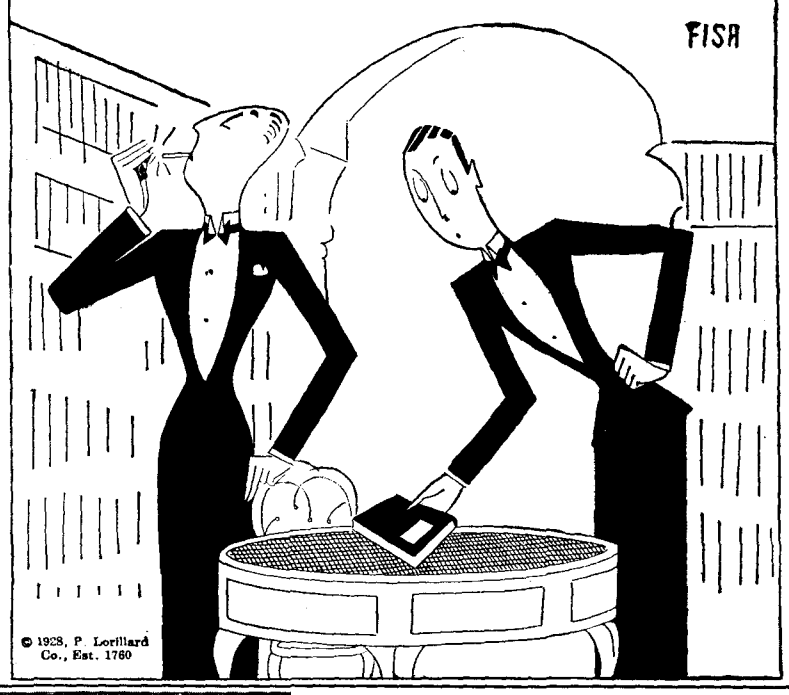
"That isn't Gibraltar," said he. "Where is the Prudential ad?"

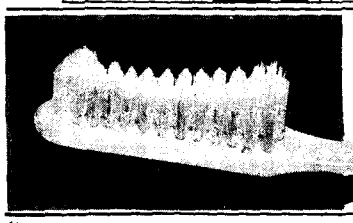
Yes, our national advertisers have penetrated deeply into the speech, thought and conduct of the American people.

As a test I took a certain prominent industry and had an appraisal made. At the upper extreme were two companies of predominant worth, both vigorous national advertisers. Standing almost alone at the bottom extreme is another company, which, so far as I am aware, is not numbered among the national advertisers. In short, in almost any trial you can propose it becomes apparent that the national advertisers are making the money.

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

When a guest discovers that a book on your library table is one that he loaned you last year . . . *be nonchalant* . . . light a MURAD Cigarette.





Always Sold in the Yellow Box

Pro-phy-lac-tic

Real Fun for Real Boys

Oh! Boy, What do you want? You can have over 300 prizes by being a Crowell Junior Salesman and delivering three of the best known magazines to regular customers. It takes only a few minutes of your spare time, and you need no experience to start. Score a home run by sending your name and address at once to—

Jim Thayer, Dept. C-3, The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio

Enjoy Powerful 6, 7 or 8 tube Radio: 30 Days FREE!

ALL METAL SHIELDED CHASSIS
FACTORY PRICES SAVE 1/2
Choice of fine cabinets offered
BIG NEW Ultra Selective
BATTERY or All Electric
MIRACO 1 dial sets
Only $49.75
RETAIL for 7 Tube Model COMPLETELY ASSEMBLED (8 Tube $69.75)
SPECIAL WHOLESALE PRICES
to user-agents who show the set to friends
MAIL THE COUPON
Free! BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED CATALOG and AMAZING SPECIAL OFFER
HERE'S PROOF THAT MIRACO Radio gets 'em Coast to Coast
6 tube Super $36.75 RETAIL LIST
30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

Delighted thousands report Miraco's get programs Coast to Coast, also Canada, Cuba, Mexico, with magnificent, clear cathedral tone. Built like latest $200 sets—don't confuse with cheap "Squawky" radios. Unless 30 days' trial proves your Miraco the MOST SELECTIVE, RICHEST, FULLEST TONED and MOST POWERFUL DISTANCE GETTER among highest grade sets, don't buy it! Every Miraco comes completely assembled, rigidly tested and fully guaranteed. 3 yr. guarantee. Operate your Miraco with batteries or FROM ELECTRIC HOUSE CURRENT—as you prefer. Choice of beautiful consoles (with built in orthophonic type speakers) or table cabinets. Insure complete satisfaction and save or make much money on sets, speakers, tubes, batteries or A, B and C light socket power units—deal direct with one of America's oldest reliable makers of fine radios (8th successful year).

MIDWEST RADIO CORPORATION, Pioneer Builders of Sets
422-B Miraco Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio

WITHOUT OBLIGATION, send me free literature, AMAZING SPECIAL WHOLESALE PRICE OFFER, testimony of nearby users, etc.

NAME

ADDRESS

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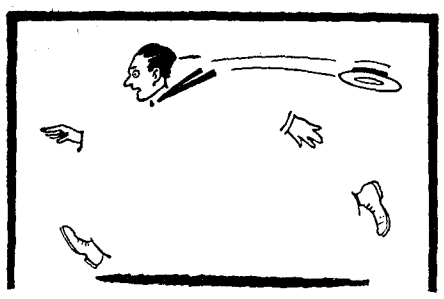
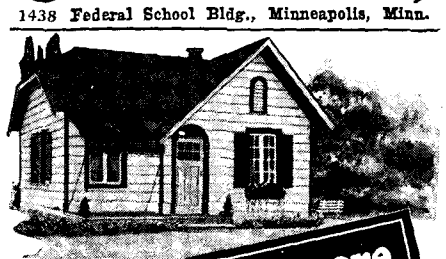


Complete this Drawing
Test your Ability

If you like to draw, let your talent make your fortune. Opportunities in this field have never been better. Drawing is easy to learn the "Federal Home-Study Way." Learn from over fifty famous artists. The course includes illustrating, cartooning, lettering, poster designing, window card illustrating, etc. Get on the "Road to Bigger Things." Complete the drawing above in pen or pencil. Write your name and address on the margin of the page. Tear it out and mail to us TODAY.

Federal School of Illustrating
1438 Federal School Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.



THIS SIX ROOM English-Type **Bungalow NOW $865** FREIGHT PAID

Save more than ever
We Loan You Money to Build

We ship you this modern home complete, lumber cut-to-fit, and ADVANCE YOU CASH to help you build. You pay us in small amounts monthly—about what you pay for rent. This year, prices are lower than ever. Our customers claim average savings of 47% compared with what local contractors charge.

COLOR BOOK OF Sterling Home Plans 25c

PAY AS LOW AS $16 PER MONTH Payments are even lower on other Sterling homes. Send 25c in coin today for beautiful Color Book of Sterling Home Plans and see how easy it is now to make your dream of a home come true.

INTERNATIONAL MILL & TIMBER CO.
818 S. Wenona Ave., Bay City, Mich.

GO TO HIGH SCHOOL AT HOME

Make up the education you missed. Study at home in spare time. Your choice of subjects. Expert instruction. Personal service. You make quick progress because you are in a class by yourself. Diploma. Mail coupon today for interesting FREE BOOKLET.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 4136, Scranton, Penna.
Without cost or obligation, please send me full particulars about the course *before* which I have checked:
☐ College Preparatory Course
☐ High School Commercial Course
☐ High School English Course
Name.....
Address.....

Sell Tailoring

Full or part time. Represent $4,000,000.00 firm. Earnings start BIG and grow LARGER. **Alluring price** attracts all. High quality brings steady repeat orders.

NOTE These Records

	1925	1926	1927
C. Sorter	$3,470	$5,206	$5,340
*R. Davis	1,300	2,638	4,320
H. Begrow	945	2,770	6,500
†P. Leavitt	5,700	6,200	8,500

*Spare Time Man. †Now Branch Mgr.
26 records like this in one city alone.

YOU CAN DO AS WELL AS OTHERS

$23.50 MADE to ORDER

No experience needed. We teach you the business. Our plan lets you start parttime, prove merit, and build up trade. Mail coupon or write a letter for FREE samples and full information.

J. B. SIMPSON INC. Dept. 1466 843 Adams, Chicago

Name
Address
Town State

DO YOU WANT a new business profession of your own, with all the trade you can attend to? Then **become a foot correctionist**, and in a few weeks earn big income in service fees,—not medical nor chiropody—easy terms for home training, no further capital needed, no goods to buy, no agency. *Address*
Stephenson Laboratory, 4 Back Bay, Boston, Mass.

The Guest at Spaniard's Pass

Continued from page 6

he said, and turned away his eyes.

Far down the mountainside a hungry coyote saw something dark upon the snow and veered to get the wind of it; with ears laid back, he thrust up his head into the thin spiky-flaked wind and caught a smell he feared and ran away, but came back again, as lightly balanced as a dandelion seed; swung circumspectly closer; broke off his trot and crept, as silently as sunrise; extended a delicately tentative paw and touched a brown fur cap, and left that place in a streak of frightened speed. For the dark spot had begun to assemble itself.

This was the more difficult because eight-foot strips of wood were bound to its feet and tangled in among its arms and legs in that huddled heap that had catapulted shoulder first into the snow bank, and because arms and legs were very stiff and sore. But they worked, and slowly and painfully the heap erected itself into Molly Blaine, on skis.

"If they hadn't been there," she muttered thickly, "in that cupboard, where he couldn't see me get them out . . . !"

She stared up the dim immensity of the mountainside, swaying dizzily, trying to pick out the way she had come. But the mountain swayed with her, came forward and curled over her, and she shut her eyes.

But after a while she steadied a little; thrust forth one ski and then the other, and then the first again—pushed out painfully into a white blur that somewhere held the town of Sutton Springs.

She reached it after three hours of push-push-pushing, mostly by instinct, through nebulous white-swirling nothingness, came to a house she knew and fell up against the back door like a dumped load of coal, just as old Chuck Sutton and his wife were sitting down to supper.

Lights — warmth — food — voices — a great soft chair that swallowed her like a cloud: all run together into one sensation! A terrific summoning and pouring out of the dregs of her energies into some sort of explanation, while the faces of Sutton, square-hewn, grizzle-thatched and grim, and Mrs. Sutton, as round and homely and dependable as the kitchen clock, and the slightly wizened young-old anxious face of Henry Pennock, floated before her like the faces of bodiless cherubs. And then, sleep—black, negative, complete: oblivion.

THE voices of the Suttons murmured on in the dining-room; the hard, dry snow picked at the clapboards; the beams of the little house cracked.

But Henry Pennock was outside in the bitter night. With his overcoat collar turned up around his wrinkled neck and the flaps of his cap pulled over his too big ears, and his breath going out before him like a flag, he hurried along in a pattering trot, and as he went he talked to himself in time to his steps.

Henry Pennock wasn't quite right nor quite grown up, in spite of his graying hair. The Suttons looked out for him, and he did their chores, when he remembered to. If it hadn't been for the Suttons, he'd have had nowhere to go. Ralph Holt, as long as he lived in Sutton Springs, had kept the boys off him, and the men too, for that matter. Under Ralph's prompt and heavy hand, baiting Henry Pennock had lost its zest. And since, also, Ralph could ride anything that could carry him, and clip a flying dollar with his forty-four, and wasn't afraid even of Matt Farr or any of Matt's friends, it was no wonder that he had grown in Henry's mind to proportions somewhat more than human.

As he went up the steps of the little building that housed the telephone company, "Ralph can do anything!" Henry said to himself, with the fervor of a fanatic, his faithful faded blue-gray eyes agleam. And went inside and got him on the telephone.

Now, there were ways by which every telephoned thing in Sutton Springs that might interest him was communicated to Matthew Farr with the minimum of delay, and one of them, in cloak and arctics, left the back door of the telephone building as Henry went out of the front. When Farr reached home at last, on a very weary horse, her report was under his door.

He read it standing and went out again.

"Matt Farr went up there," Henry Pennock had said to Ralph over the telephone, "an' scared her so bad she tried to shoot him! An'—an' she got away an' come down Old Squaw Mountain on skis. No, she warn't hurt—just tired. She's down to Sutton's, an'—an' don't any of 'em know what to do, an'—an' Farr's snowed in up to the pass. . . ."

MOLLY *hadn't said that, but* Henry had inferred it. If he hadn't believed it was true, he wouldn't have telephoned. For he had been present that day in the post office when Joe Harper, the carrier who delivered mail through Ice Box Canyon, had brought in word of the murder of old man Buckmaster, who had been fighting Farr so long on the question of damming the Little Susie River, and suddenly in the midst of the frightened quiet that followed Harper's words Ralph had said:

"Gentlemen, I'm running for county attorney, and if I'm elected I'm going to clean up Sutton Springs."

Ralph had moved over to Buena Monte and begun his campaign the next day, and hadn't been back since. Henry knew that anything might happen the first time he met Farr, and, after the events of yesterday, wouldn't have brought them together for the world with a little gold fence around it. But with Farr away—

Henry was pattering along toward the station to meet Ralph's train. When he approached the place where his street became the town side of the little open space at the back of the station known as Depot Square, and heard shooting there, he jumped because shooting always frightened him, in spite of its frequency and usual meaninglessness in his town. And when he turned to the right and entered the square and recognized the three men who were whipping a tomato can along with re-

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P. F. COLLIER & SON COMPANY
Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.
6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C. 2
Published at Springfield, Ohio

Thomas H. Beck, *President* — George J. Kennedy, *Vice President*
William P. Larkin, *Vice President* — Albert E. Winger, *Treasurer*

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volver bullets, a panic sprang up in his blood, and almost before he knew what he was doing he had ducked for shelter behind an old signboard projecting at right angles from a board fence that surrounded a vacant lot in which had once been sold the second-hand automobiles advertised on the board.

"Drat the fools!" he muttered, and cowered down in the corner until the men should have got a little farther off and he could creep away without being seen.

"It's those damn Roden boys again!" the station agent said, squinting out of his back window.

"Them birds," said the hardware merchant in his doorway, with his fist full of wire nails, "will git recklesser and recklesser till first thing you know they'll be practicin' on *folks!*"

With his free hand he unhooked a sign reading "Open" and hung it on the outside of his wooden storm door.

"Last time they was in they shot all the bells off'n the burros bringin' down ore from the Lone Hand Mine. But"—shutting the storm door for safety and the glass door inside of it for warmth—"I don't know as a feller can *do* anything about it." And he dumped the nails into the pan on his scales and reached for more.

And Sutton, approaching Depot Square with Molly Blaine on the side away from the Rodens, wasn't intending to do anything about it either if he could help it. He had the look of an old man who wanted peace.

Somebody had telephoned him from Buena Monte that Ralph had heard through Henry Pennock what happened yesterday at the pass and was coming over on the morning train, and Chuck had turned from the telephone and strapped on his two worn old forty-fours and stepped out, just as he'd used to do—with Molly following, very pale and grave, but her step at his side as elastic as ever.

"Old Chuck's wearing 'em," said the town, as it had at times like these in the past, but said it with a difference.

Chuck had been a peaceful old gray rock of a man who never bothered you unless he had to, and then moved down upon you like something from an elder age and wiped you out. It was his father the town was named for, and he'd been born there in days when killing Indians was part of a man's education.

"Matt," he had said once to Farr, "as long as you keep off of me and mine, you can stay here—for the damn good reason that I'm not powerful enough to run you out. But when you get too rank, I'm going to send you word. Not till I have to, mind you. But when I do, you heed it, Matt. I don't like killing things—even things like you."

And three times he had sent Matt word, and Matt had heeded it.

TIME was when Chuck going abroad adorned like that was the next thing to having the governor send in the state militia; when the familiar phrase about his wearing 'em would have made itself felt up and down the Roden boys' three long spines and spiced with wariness the conduct of every Farrite in the place. But that was while his steel-blue eyes could still range on ahead and around him like a couple of questing dogs, and his spry old bowlegged step was as steady as a burro's—in short, before he had lain for an hour or so in a snowslide in Ice Box Canyon, which, come Christmas, was two years ago. Now he walked with a limp, and his right arm was never going to come quite straight again, and across the square like that he couldn't tell Bud Roden from his brother.

"Don't worry," he said to Molly as they crossed the square together. "Maybe Farr's not in town at all. And"—as steadily as he could—"there's nothing to that jamboree over there."

But what both of them were remembering as they entered the station was how two of Farr's enemies had been killed already by the guns of playful drunks and how the Farr-picked jury both times had said it was an "accident."

And even Henry Pennock by this time had remembered too. In fact, behind his signboard, he had gone as pale as the snow at his feet; his eyes were wide, his hands clenched, and his chest so full of air that he was dizzy with holding it. For he had realized suddenly that, for all their whoops and antics, pretended reelings and stumblings and thicknesses of speech, the Roden boys were cold sober. Cold sober and shooting with the accuracy of headliners in a Wild West show!

And just then the station clock drove nine strokes into him like nails. In ten minutes the train would come in, with a curl of snow about its plow, and Ralph—because *he'd* asked him to—would step down and Bud Roden would pot him, by "accident."

Henry's mind clutched at the situation, held it steady for a moment, and then went whirling like something with a broken spring. He began to gibber a little to himself and whimper, and covered his face with his hands.

IT IS probable that he would have remained there crouched like a cat-cornered mouse while whatever was on its way played itself out in the square if the Rodens, having demolished the can, hadn't cracked down in triple unison on the signboard. Three bullets zipped past his nose, so close that the splintered wood stung his cheek.

He ran a desperate, frantic eye over his hiding place. Clawing around in the snow, he found that the boards in the old fence had rotted away at the bottom. Feverishly he wrenched two of them loose, scrambled through somehow and rolled over into the banked-up snow in the vacant lot, while the three men continued to blaze away.

And Ralph's train sent down a ragged rock-buffeted halloo from Squaw Man's Siding, three miles up the road.

"All set, kid?" Bud Roden muttered to his youngest brother; and the boy said, a little grim and pale, "All set."

And then came Henry Pennock down the street, having climbed the fence farther back where no one could see. He clutched in his shaking hand the big pencil a carpenter had given him once and he'd carried ever since, and counting fence boards to himself with agonized absorption.

"Thirteen, fourteen, fifteen—SIXTEEN!" counted Henry under his breath, the perspiration standing out on him heavily in the sharp cold morning, and ran to the sixteenth fence board from the corner and drew a great wavy black ring on it with the pencil.

"I—I—I'll b-bet you can't hit *that!*" he stammered. "Ten dollars that you c-can't hit it!" He flourished the money. "Come on now! B-be a sport! T-ten dollars!"

The Rodens shouted with laughter and fired as one man.

"Lesh give li'l' Henry 's money's worth!" And they did it again. And again and again, while Henry stood there shaking like an aspen tree in a gale and stared with eyes starting from his head at that sixteenth board—stared till the big, wavy, black ring was riddled like a colander and something thin and red was trickling out beneath it through the snow.

All four of them saw it together. The Roden boys lowered their guns and stared, stiffening a little, and Henry Pennock walked over to a big iron basket the town used for the burning of rubbish and leaned against it, limp and scared and thankful away down to the bottom of his simple heart.

"Good God!" said the youngest Roden thickly, as if his tongue were too big for his mouth. "Do you suppose that s-s-somebody—?"

They stood with their smoking guns in their hands; and then at last, "You go, Bud," said Merton, the middle one.

But Bud shook his head, and they went together.

They didn't notice when the train came in, nor the people who collected silently and stared with them over the fence.

Henry Pennock shut his mouth in a grim, tight line on what he knew. And then he opened it, and, being too short to see, said—distinctly for publication—"Was there somebody back there?"

Ralph Holt looked down at him and nodded. "Matt Farr," he said soberly. "He died reaching for his gun."

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Companionate Marriage

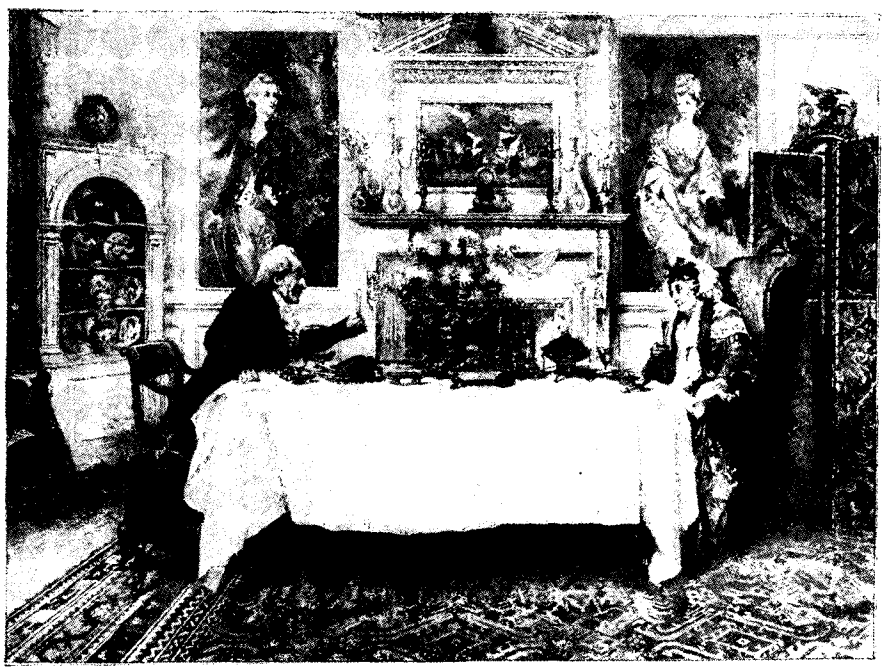
WHEN he let loose the words "companionate marriage," Judge Ben B. Lindsey, the stormy petrel of Denver politics, did a lot toward making this winter's conversation more disputatious and interesting.

Companionate marriage is a new way of describing an old relationship. Despite protestations to the contrary it is our old friend "trial marriage" bobbing up in 1928 clothes.

The gist of Judge Lindsey's proposal is that a couple contemplating marriage arrange a temporary contract to discover if they are really congenial. In addition to being temporary, the companionate marriage must also be childless according to the rules. If after an interval the experiment seemed successful, a family, or permanent, marriage would result.

A neat legislative program designed to make companionate marriage legal has been suggested and volunteers have been called for. Judge Lindsey thinks that Nevada might blazon the way.

Nobody in complete possession of his faculties expects any lawmaking body to commit political suicide by endorsing "companionate marriage" or any other bizarre proposal that seems to strike at the foundations of the family. Things don't happen in that fashion in this country. But even though the idea itself will be rejected, the conditions which suggested it are themselves rapidly changing the institution of marriage.



"Grow old along with me, the best is yet to be!"

The most significant present fact about marriage is the increasing tendency to divorce.

In every section of this country divorces are becoming more numerous.

Deplore it or approve it, the fact exists and the census figures tell the story beyond all denial.

Divorces increase principally for two reasons: First of all, the modern woman is conscious of her rights and she is unwilling to accept conditions in which her mother and her grandmother acquiesced. Then being an earner and therefore financially independent, she does not have to tolerate a husband who has become uncongenial.

Women are not going to surrender their new equality. They are not going to stop working for money. On the contrary they are demanding greater equality and business and the professions and industry are more and more calling them out of the home. Consequently divorces will tend naturally to increase and not to diminish.

Divorce, being familiar, leaves no stigma. Long ago it became socially respectable.

There is, however, a wide gulf between social custom on one side and the law and religious teaching on the other.

Custom sanctions divorce when marriage has become unsatisfactory to one or both parties. The law approves divorce in most states only if one party has done injury to the other.

Since custom and the law disagree, as always the law suffers. Where adultery is essential to divorce, men will confess to sins they have not committed.

Also chivalry demands that, as men propose marriage, women must propose divorce. The result is that even though the wife is the offender and the husband the aggrieved party the wife must sue. If they acknowledge an agreement jointly to break the marriage, they may be thrown out of court or even put in jail.

Other absurdities surround divorce. One is that a divorced wife is entitled to alimony regardless of her capacity as an earner.

The woman who has abandoned her earning power in order to maintain a home for her husband is of course entitled to support when her marriage is broken through no fault of her own. But surely it is an anachronism to compel a divorced husband to support his ex-wife when she is able to maintain herself.

In many ways divorce and marriage laws can be and should be brought into harmony with actual present-day customs.

It is, however, a mistake to think that the happy, successful marriage is the exception and to assume that the unhappy marriage is the rule.

It is also a mistake to postpone children during a trial period since everybody knows that the very presence of children is the strongest tie between men and women and the surest guarantee of permanent marriage.

Remember also that while divorces are numerous and are increasing, married men outnumber the divorced something like 98 to 1 and there are about 76 married women to every divorcee.

Marriage is still the normal and divorce the abnormal. In that fact lies the fallacy of such proposals as companionate marriage.

It is wrong to assume that the average marriage requires a time of probation before it is made permanent. The average marriage is successful and only the exception fails.

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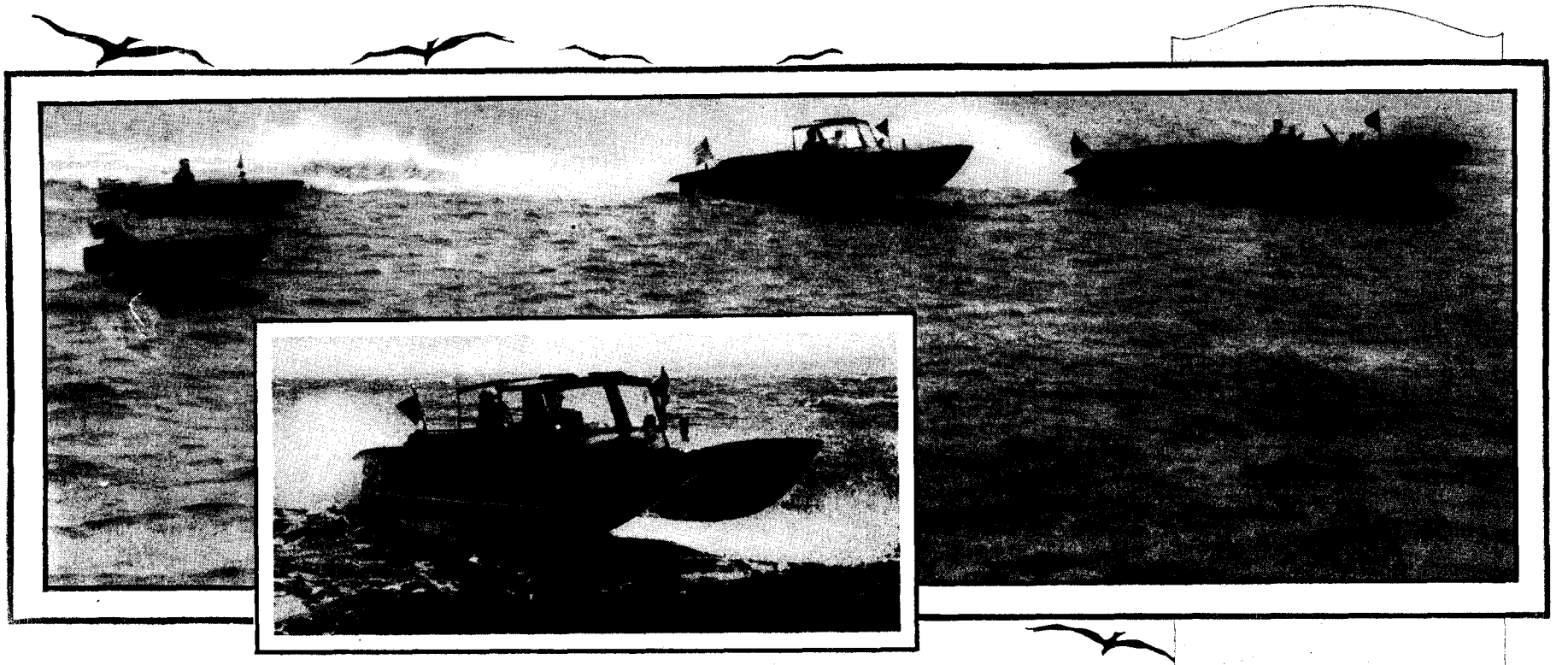

Speeding Up

ALMOST as a matter of course, people have come to expect Sea Sleds to do unheard of things. But every now and then a Sea Sled shakes out a new kink which surprises even its makers.

The new Model 16 Outboard is shaping up into a very swagger craft. During a recent series of tryouts, Model 13 was used to pace her over a measured course, because the water is just cold enough these days to make a feller feel he needs a friend if he's out all alone in a small fast craft.

When the figures were checked, Model 16, which had been intended and rated as a 20-mile Sea Sled Outboard, had crept up to 21 miles; and little Model 13 had gone up past 22.

This opens up an interesting game to the owner of a Sea Sled, who apparently is going to be able to buy a new outboard hull and motor in the spring, and find that by fall he is getting some extra miles for his money.

It is a complete reversal of form, because most outboard owners have been trained by sad experience to buy their boats on a speed rating made at the factories with specially pepped up motors. The rest of their lives is spent straining to get back to the speed claimed before the boat fell into their unfortunate hands.

It is common knowledge that Sea Sleds of all sizes have repeatedly run away from craft with much higher speed rating, when the water ruffled up and penalized the competing craft. But up to now, nobody suspected that regardless of water conditions, a Sea Sled might take it into its head to run faster as it got older.

The New Model 16

Model 16 is designed for men who ask for more in the way of luxury and comfort than the ordinary outboard can provide. Her graceful lines are accentuated by the smartly cushioned double cockpits, and with her running light, windshield, horn and forward steering gear, in the outboard field she is the last word for good looks and a high liner for ability.

The speeds quoted for the two Sea Sled Outboards, Models 16 and 13, are consistently and intentionally understated. We don't own a special motor. Every trial is made with a stock motor which any man can buy anywhere.

For the Benefit of Dealers

There is a whole fleet of Sea Sleds now to choose from—the powerful and luxurious Model 28, the sturdy and efficient Model 23, and the slender and graceful Model 16. But of them all, the stout little Model 13 continues to show as the dealers' favorite.

Model 13 is practically non-capsizable and non-sinkable, her performance, extraordinary good looks, and sturdy construction make her almost irresistible.

List Price $218 F. O. B.

Quite a number of builders are imitating Sea Sleds, regardless of patent infringement. But no imitation of a Sea Sled is as competent as the original—
OR AS SAFE.

Dependable as a fine car
Will not roll
Will not stick her nose under
Planes on her own spray
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Navigates shallow water
Safe and dry at speed in rough water
Model 28—200 H. P.
Sedan Top - - $8,500

If you are within reach of New York the week of the Motor Boat Show at the Grand Central Palace, drop in and look over the Sea Sleds. We'll be glad to see you, and you'll be glad to see them.

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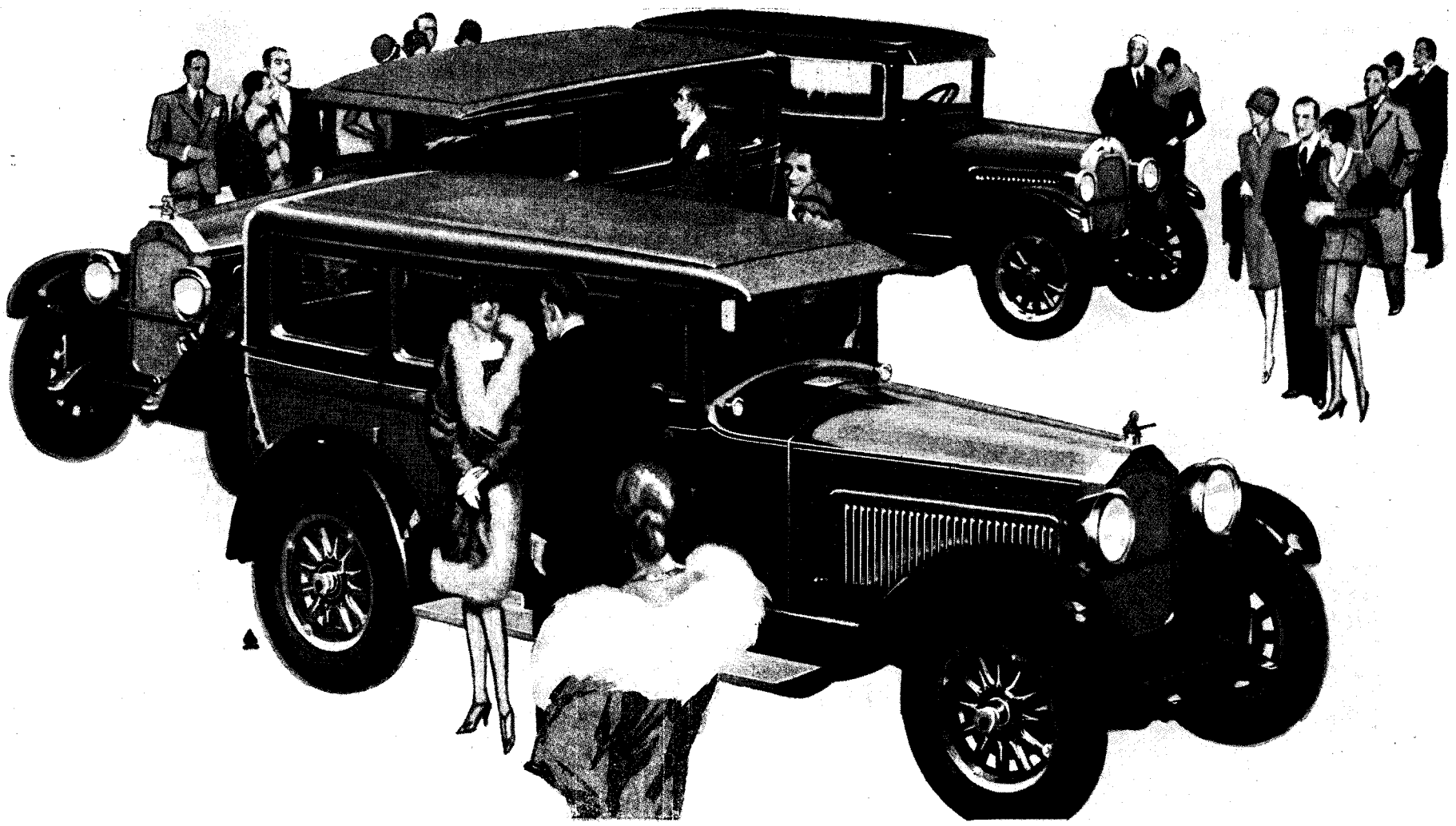

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BOTH Willys-Knight and Whippet cars for 1928 have been brought to a new point of perfection. Smarter, faster, smoother, more powerful and more economical, they carry on the Willys ideal of offering utmost value in every price class.

The Willys-Knight *patented* sleeve-valve engine—simple, reliable, easy to start—stands out as the supreme high compression motor. Its spherical cylinder head and sliding metal sleeves insure *highest uniform compression with any gas.* These sleeves admit and expel gas through openings in their sides. There are no spring-actuated valves to weaken, or to collect carbon, and thereby impair compression. Here is the power plant which actually grows smoother and quieter with use. Its superiority is shown in its extreme simplicity and in requiring less of the adjustments common to other cars.

And, reflecting the engineering skill which developed the Willys-Knight sleeve-valve engine, the Whippet brings the advantages of high compression to the light car field. Willys-Overland knowledge of the principles of high compression has produced an amazingly efficient poppet-valve motor for the Whippet. Developing twice its rated horse-power, it establishes new standards of economy, speed and power. The experience of Whippet owners reflects the many outstanding records Whippet has set in official tests of speed, endurance, economy and hill-climbing ability.

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